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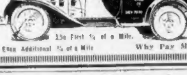

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, December 27, 1931

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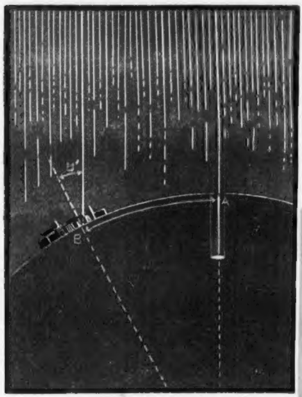
A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

Evidence Which Suggests There Was a Powerful and Highly Civilized People Who Understood Secrets of Nature Which Were Only Recently Rediscovered by Modern Man—Where They Lived—What Destroyed Them



The Measurement of a Meridian Arc by Eratosthenes. This Greek Scientist Made the Observation That on the Summer Solstice the Wells of the Town of Syene (A) Were Lighted from Top to Bottom and That the Obelisks Did not Throw a Shadow as a Result of the Fact That the Sun Was at Its Zenith. At the Same Moment the Obelisks at Alexandria (B) Cast Shadows at an Angle of 7° 12'. From This Eratosthenes Concluded That the Distance of 5,000 Stadia Which Separated the Two Towns Corresponded to 7° 12'. As that Angle Is 1/50 of a Circle, the Circumference of the Earth Must Be 50 Times 5,000 Stadia, or 250,000 Stadia. Ingenious as These Calculations Are, They Include an Error of 1/80, and May Have Been Exceeded in Accuracy by the Calculations, 2,000 or 3,000 Years Before Eratosthenes, by the Priests Who Constructed the Great Pyramid of Cheops. The Angle B' Is Exaggerated in the Drawing to Make It Clear.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

IN the last chapter we explained how it has been proved that the priests under the early Egyptian Pharaohs knew exact scientific facts about astronomy, geometry and geography that our modern scientists, as late as 250 years ago, had not been able to rediscover, with all their instruments of precision.

Astonishing though it is that these pyramid builders knew the earth was round, knew its exact circumference, the distance from the earth to the sun and other scientific triumphs on which modern man had been pluming himself, the most remarkable thing of all is that this knowledge seems to have come from still further back in antiquity. These learned priests apparently were not discoverers, merely pupils. All they hoped was to understand and transmit to a chosen few the secrets that had come down to them from a lost prehistoric race.

By Cleopatra's time this fountain of knowledge had already sadly dwindled, and steadily through the ages, the loss went on until, as we have seen, during the dreadful night of the dark ages, the last drops were disappearing. Then modern science was born with the task of rediscovering it all over again.

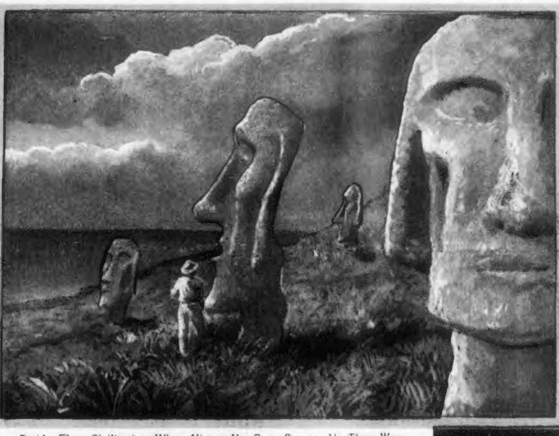
That the further we go back the more real, exact scientific information is found in the possession of humanity is not merely the result of faulty learning, or that the pupil in each generation misunderstood or lost some of the master's learning. As the British scholar, Galton, has shown, no modern race can be compared from the point of view of intellect to certain ancient races such as, for example that which peopled the tiny country of Attica about 2,500 years ago.

This author has calculated the number of illustrious men as compared with the total number of citizens during the two centuries of Greek superiority. He has shown that to a certain number of citizens there was one illustrious man. If the same proportions still held, we today would be able to count among our contemporaries about 100,000 men of the same worth as Pericles, Sophocles, Plato, or Phidias. But even judging ourselves with the greatest indulgence, we are far from this count.

However, these celebrated men were themselves nourished on lessons handed down from an age as far removed from them as they are from us. And it is quite safe to say that they no more equaled the unknown geniuses who preceded them, and to whom they owed their culture, than we equal them. We can prove this simply by comparing the knowledge of the priests who constructed the Great Pyramid with that of the scholars who followed in their footsteps.

Thus, after the death of Alexander and the partitioning of his empire, when Ptolemy Soter received Egypt for his part, he founded at Alexandria a school which soon became universally known and attracted the greatest Greek scholars.

There, these scholars were taught everything the priests still knew. By means of this knowledge, they were to accomplish works which are still admired but which are nevertheless inferior to those which had been accomplished before them.



Besides Those Civilizations Whose History Has Come Down to Us, There Were Others About Which We Have No Information. This Is the Case With the Mysterious People Who Inhabited, at Some Unknown Epoch, Easter Island and Left There Their Incomprehensible Monuments.

While we have seen that in the time of Cheops, the Egyptians knew the exact measurement of the terrestrial meridian, thousands of years later Eratosthenes tried to calculate it all over again (in a very ingenious manner, as may easily be seen from the accompanying diagram) but with quite an appreciable error, since his calculations are about 1/80 off. And while he had at his side the correct calculations written on an imperishable monument, in the dimensions and position of the pyramid of Cheops, he could do no better than his contemporaries or his instructors, and painfully undertook an imperfect piece of work which others had succeeded in doing faultlessly 2,500 years before.

Examples like these are numerous. We will not waste any more time over them since they lead us no nearer the end which we want to attain. But going ever further backwards towards the source, let us now consider whether or not other peoples, the contemporaries of the Egyptians of the first historic epoch, or even before them, possessed a science equal to theirs.

It is generally held that the invention of the ordinary telescope dates from the year 1609 when the children of a Dutch optician named Metius happened to place a number of lenses in front of their eyes, one over the other, and noticed that as a result the village clock tower appeared nearer than it really was.

The following year news of this discovery reached the ears of Galileo and enabled him, it is said, to make the first astronomical telescope, thanks to which the era of discoveries in the study of the sky began.

If this tradition is true, it has only been about 300 years that men have known the stars under any aspect different from that which our eyes alone give us. Before that, everything which we have learned from the use of magnifying lenses was necessarily unknown.

How does it then happen that the people of antiquity were able to describe celestial phenomena which could never have been observed without the aid of a telescope? How does it happen that on Assyrian monuments the god Nisroch, who represents Saturn, is represented surrounded with a ring, when the ring which surrounds this planet can only be observed by means of a powerful telescope? How does it happen that ancient writings, discovered in 1854 when the archeologist Layard was excavating in the ruins of Nineveh, describe the planet Venus passing in front of the sun, which incidentally enables us to fix their date, or at least the date of the phenomenon they allude to, at 1,700 years before our era?

Evidently such a phenomenon could be observed by the naked eye, but one would never have been led to observe it without having had a thorough knowledge of planetary movements, and it would have been impossible to have such a knowledge without having studied the sky by means of elaborate instruments.

It is also astonishing to note that 500 years before our era Democritus declared, on the strength of ancient traditions, that the Milky Way was a zone made up of innumerable stars close to one another. In order to make such an observation, someone must have seen the stars. They could not have been guessed at, above all at a time when the official religion taught, and people generally believed, that this luminous zone was a stream of milk escaping from the bosom of Juno.

Still more surprising is the fact that the Chaldeans, in determining the date of eclipses, had calculated the apparent dimensions of the diameters of the sun and of the moon with an exactitude almost as precise as that which modern scientists have obtained.

Today our astronomers have succeeded in calculating the apparent dimensions of the lunar disc as between 22 minutes 34 seconds and 29 minutes 22 seconds of arc. Babylonian writings give the following figures for the same measurements—24 minutes 16 seconds and 29 minutes 30 seconds. The difference between these two computations is insignificant, far less than that which exists between computations on the same subject by many modern scholars.

These examples could be multiplied. It is not only in astronomy and mathematics that they are encountered. In the domain of almost every science equally astonishing facts are discovered. For example, it is possible that the properties of electricity were known and used in ancient times. They were handed down as secrets, jealously guarded. This is suggested by a certain text of Pliny, which informs us that Numa, who reigned in Rome 2,600 years ago, and had been initiated into the mysteries of the sages, "possessed the art of making and directing the lightning." It also has been asserted that Egyptian priests communicated with one another at great distances in a manner which closely resembles our use of the telephone.

Unfortunately, our knowledge of these questions is confined to the few fragments of ancient texts which speak of them. Only the fragments have come down to us, the major portions of all the texts having been lost.

Such is the case, for example, with the work of that astonishing Chaldean astronomer, Berosus, who lived in Babylon about 3,000 years before our era. He wrote important works in Greek of which only a few passages have reached us, not even in their original text, but through the hands of commentators or translators of later centuries, such as Pliny, Vitruvius or Seneca.

The little that we possess of this work makes us profoundly regret that we do not know it in its entirety because it would probably reveal many unknown things.

According to Tradition, the First Astronomers Were the Shepherds of Ancient Chaldea. But Extremely Old Documents Suggest That Almost from Time Immemorial These People Possessed Knowledge Which Could Only Have Been Revealed to Them by Means of Telescopic Instruments.

On the Assyrian Monuments Perhaps 100 Centuries Old, the God Nisroch, Who Symbolizes the Planet Saturn, Is Shown Surrounded by a Ring. It Is Impossible to Perceive the Ring Which Surrounds Saturn Except Through a Telescope of Fairly Great Magnifying Power. Consequently the Invention of Astronomical Glasses May Not Date, as Is Generally Believed, from Modern Times.

Berosus wrote an enormous work on astronomy, in which all the science of his time was summed up and where he gave careful consideration to the great secrets of the Chaldean sages, whose conception of the Zodiac appears to precede the construction of the Great Pyramid.

We will soon see that he had access in the Temple of Babylon to a great many documents still more astonishing than the ones which he actually copied. None of these has been preserved. The few pages of his work handed down indirectly by later historians or philosophers, who borrowed his theories, are enough to astonish us greatly, for they show that the theory of evolution, the foundation on which our entire science of modern biology is founded, does not date from the 19th century and was not conceived in its entirety by Lamarck or by Darwin, but that it had already been accepted and taught by men who lived thousands of years ago.

Another equally regrettable fact is that all this ancient science was never divulged in a didactic and reasoned form, but always as a kind of mystery handed down by oral tradition and jealously guarded by a few privileged persons who, in order to reap all its advantages, kept it to themselves.

Those astronomical measurements of which we have been speaking occur on Chaldean monuments. But nothing informs us by what means they were obtained. The same is true of the many revelations inscribed on the Great Pyramid, and it is certain that in later epochs the priests themselves and the guardians of the temples no longer knew the meaning of most of the symbols traced on the monuments which it was their duty to guard and serve.

No matter what investigations we undertake along these lines, we find ourselves inevitably carried further and further back to epochs so removed from our own that they precede all historic dates. Up till now, figuring conservatively, we have been unable to push back these dates beyond 4,000 or 5,000 years. But it is quite possible that these figures do not represent the truth.

In his lectures "On the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt," the eminent Egyptologist, Le Page Renouf, is convinced that the Egyptian monarchy was in existence more than 2,000 years before Exodus was written.

Another eminent scholar, L. Horner, concludes from a collection of geological facts that some pottery discovered deeply buried in the Valley of the Nile dates back 17,000 years.

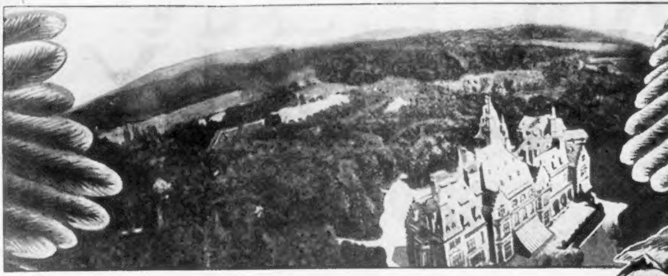
Finally, let us move on to another country which will bring us still nearer to the mysterious source which we desire to reach—that is to say, India. We learn from the most conscientious and prudent students of Indian culture, such as Colebrooke, Thomas Strange, William Jones, Wilson, etc., that the most ancient sacred books of this country were written twelve or even fifteen centuries before our era. And in addition to this, as Max Mueller remarks, we must remember that before the invention of writing, these works must have been handed down orally for many generations. Even modern Brahmans can repeat by heart the 153,826 words which comprise the Rig Veda.

For how many centuries and thousands of years were these same words repeated before being collected into manuscripts whose fragments alone have reached us? We are only beginning to be able to translate the fragments. They may be able to teach us many extraordi-

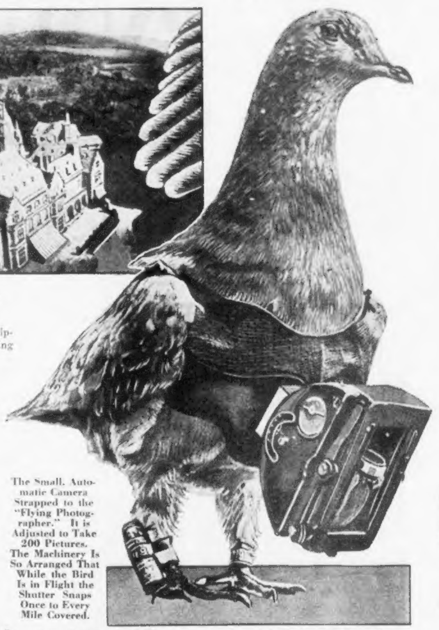
(Continued on Page 4)

Training Pigeons To Be Flying Photographers

A Member of the Bicycle Patrol Carrying Four of the Pigeons in a Special Knapsack, on the Way to the Point Where They Are To Be Released.



An Aerial Photograph Taken With the Small Camera Strapped to a Flying Pigeon. The Tips of the Pigeon's Wings Were Photographed and Are Visible at the Sides.



The Small, Automatic Camera Strapped to the "Flying Photographer." It is Adjusted to Take 200 Pictures. The Machinery Is So Arranged That While the Bird Is in Flight the Shutter Snaps Once to Every Mile Covered.

EVERY well-equipped army in the world has its corps of carrier pigeons trained to carry messages fast, far and accurately in time of emergency. During the World War thousands of highly important communications were borne by carrier pigeons which escaped the notice of the enemy entirely or managed to escape being shot down.

And now Germany has established a training school for pigeons in which the birds are being taught to play the role of aerial photographer. If Germany ever goes to war again its army will use hundreds of these flying photographers to procure pictures of enemy trenches, military bases and "shots" of troops on march.

The impetus for the new training school was the perfecting of a small, light and highly efficient camera. This camera, weighing only a few ounces and with a magazine capable of holding sufficient films to take 200 "shots" in a single flight, has what is known as "universal focus" and takes clear pictures from any height.

In the first experiments with the new camera, many of the pigeons refused to take to the air with the strange device fastened about them, and others came to earth after short and inaccurate flights. But with the development of a more comfortable harness for holding the camera and patience on the part of the birds' trainers, it was not long before some of the strongest and largest of the pigeons were making photographing trips of 40 and 50 miles and returning to their base with at least one picture for every mile covered, registered on the film.

One bird, said to be the best-trained carrier pigeon in the world, carried his camera a distance of 160 miles and returned home with more than 150 sharply focused pictures which were snapped at varying altitudes. Some of the pictures were of city streets. Others were rivers and shipping, and still others were of rolling farm country criss-crossed by roads. Most of the "shots" were taken from an altitude of around a thousand feet, the distance above the ground which this particular bird habitually flies.

Next to the highly efficient lens and the compact roll of narrow film carried in the magazine, the most remarkable feature of the "pigeon camera" is the simple mechanism which causes the shutter to open and close at regular intervals. The time of these intervals can be fixed by a simple adjustment of the regulating mechanism, although most of the experimental cameras are adjusted so that one picture is snapped for every mile covered by the bird carrying it.

Besides the camera, each carrier pigeon is outfitted with the usual little message tubes attached to its legs or close to its body beneath the wings.

A Race Of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

(Continued from Front Page)

nary things. The words handed down from these ancient peoples which we already understand have taught us much.

Let us turn the pages of one of them, the Bhagavad Purana, which contains words first uttered, perhaps, 20,000 years ago.

"When the world was separated from shadow," it says, "the subtle principle of the elements produced the matter of which plants were first formed. These plants then maintained life in the bodies of fantastic beings who one day were born from the scum on the waters. And after that, different animals passed through successive forms until finally man appeared."

Let us now consult a treatise on biology or paleontology written by our most modern professors; we will find the history of our planet and of the life on its surface given in approximately the same words. Our modern evolutionists would find nothing to add to that amazing formula which is found in the "Laws of Manou" and which gives our whole doctrine in a few words that might almost have been borrowed from Weissmann or Geoffroy Saint Hilaire: "Beings inherit qualities from those which precede them in such a way that the higher a being goes in the series, the more qualities he has."

These fragments express the fundamental principles on which modern physics is founded. In addition they contain a moral philosophy so high that our philosophy has never been able to surpass it.

In the presence of these astounding facts, and of many others which we will pass over in silence in order not to multiply examples indefinitely, we feel ourselves quite disposed to accept the word of Berosus when he says that in the Temple of Babylon he found himself in the presence of documents "ascribed to superior beings who inhabited the earth before man."

Such a statement astonishes us and upsets current scientific opinions. As we said at the beginning of these articles, all modern science tends to show that man slowly evolved from the animal and has been improving himself ever since. But on the other hand, the facts which we have just outlined agree in pointing to a contrary opinion.

In the face of these two opposed theses, which should be accepted? Can they be reconciled? Are there still other final proofs which will make the balance lean definitely in favor of either one or the other?

This is the question which remains for us to examine.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Quadruplets Win Election For Father

Carl A. Morlok, of Lansing, Michigan, and His Quadruplets. So Much Prestige Came to the Family Because of the Arrival Simultaneously of Four Heirs, That Morlok, in the Recent Election for Constable, Won Against Six Opponents.

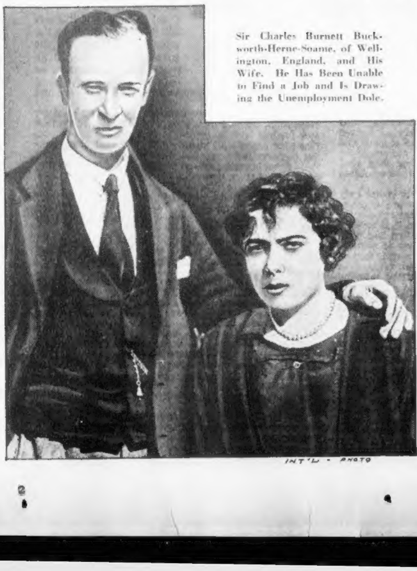
ACME PHOTOS

MANY a candidate for political office has been swept into power by the energetic efforts of party workers, by climbing aboard the so-called "band wagon" of the dominant party, and by persuasive ballyhoo—but Carl A. Morlok, recently elected a constable in Lansing, Michigan, is probably the first man voted into office because Fate made him the father of quadruplets.

At the beginning of the campaign it was felt that Morlok didn't have a chance against at least three of the six other candidates for the constable's job. But the political tide definitely turned when Morlok's campaign cards—bearing a picture of himself and his quartet of baby daughters—were distributed to voters in his district.

Women voters, it is said, lost their hearts to the bright-eyed youngsters—and gave their votes to the man these little girls call "daddy." And men voters seemed to reason that a man whose charming domestic responsibilities had done so much to put Lansing on the map deserved reward at the polls. Anyway, when the votes were counted Mr. Morlok had the constable's job by an overwhelming margin.

The Baronet Who Draws An Unemployment Dole



Sir Charles Burnett Buckworth-Herne-Soame, of Wellington, England, and His Wife. He Has Been Unable to Find a Job and Is Drawing the Unemployment Dole.

INT'L - PHOTO

LONDON.

SIR CHARLES BURNETT BUCKWORTH-HERNE-SOAME, 37-year-old Baronet of Shropshire, England, has the dubious distinction of being the only British nobleman living on the unemployment dole.

This unfortunate and unusual condition is partly the fault of general conditions in England and partly the fault of Sir Charles' father, who died a few weeks ago and, for some reason, left his son nothing but a title. Even the modest little cottage in which Sir Charles and his young wife lived with the old man was bequeathed to a distant relative.

The impoverished Baronet says he is embarrassed only financially at his plight and that he doesn't care a rap for his title or for leisure. All he asks is a chance to work—even at some sort of hard labor which will provide for himself and his wife.

Manual labor will be no novelty for Sir Charles, for he has turned his hand to many a menial task and liked it. For a time he wrestled granite in a stone quarry. When that job was over he got himself another as boss of a gang of road builders. After that he turned mason and helped restore the walls of an old abbey near his home villiage of Coalbrookdale.

"I am not too proud to go on the dole," said the holder of a title which dates back to 1704, "and believe me my wife and I need the thirteen shillings for which I stand in line every week. All I ask is a chance to work. My wife, who, by the way, does all her own housework, is a good sport and is thankful, as I am, that we have no children to share our present mode of living."

Tokyo Selects Its Prize Beauty

Miss Tsuneko Tawara, Who Was Chosen as the Most Beautiful Girl in Japan in a Recent Nation-Wide Contest to Find and Acclaim a New "Miss Japan."

TOKYO.

WHEN Japan sets out to pick the outstanding beauties of the Land of the Setting Sun, no "beautiful but dumb" young woman need apply—for the Japanese prefer their beauty queens with plenty of health and brains accompanying their good looks.

The present "Miss Japan"—Miss Tsuneko Tawara—seems to be everything that a beauty in her country has to be to wear the national crown of pulchritude. She is very pretty, judged by Japanese standards (the judges gave her 300 points on her good looks), and she is brainy and bubbling over with good health (she was accredited with 100 points each on mentality and health). No other girl entered in the contest scored within 50 points of Miss Tawara's remarkably high total of 500 points.

The current Miss Japan is the adopted daughter of a Yamaguchi druggist, and if she ever gets married she wants to be the wife of an up-and-coming young physician. She has not the slightest interest in any of the movie contracts offered her on the day of her coronation, and has issued a warning to romantically inclined young men that she will ignore any proposals of marriage they may make.

Echoes from the Explosion on Harry Richman's Yacht

When the Famous Stage, Screen and Night Club Star Set Off the Spark That Blew Up His Motorboat Last July, He Also Started a Lot of Other Things Which Are Still Happening

Helen Walsh, "Follies" Beauty, Who Died From Her Injuries Received When Mr. Richman's Gay Yachting Party Suddenly Came to an End by the Explosion of the Gasoline on His Motorboat.

ANY lawyer will admit that law is not necessarily justice. And one of the most astonishing laws on the statute books limits the liability of a ship owner to the value of the ship on which the passengers were injured or drowned.

If a person is run over and injured by an automobile, there is no law that limits the liability of the owner to the value of the wrecked car. If two or three dozen people are killed or injured in a railroad smash-up, there is nothing to limit the amount of damages to the value of the twisted and tangled locomotive and railroad cars. But if a steamship or motorboat blows up or is wrecked, the law limits the amount of damages to whatever is the value of the wrecked vessel. If the ship is at the bottom of the ocean the injured passengers or relatives of the dead can go out there and help themselves.

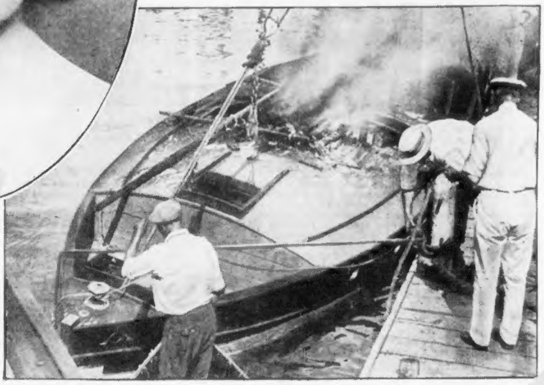
And it was when Harry Richman, the well-known night club proprietor and stage star, asked the courts to limit any damage that might follow from the explosion on his motorboat last Summer to the value of the wreck of the boat—about $50—that he started a hornets' nest of trouble.

Immediately Miss Virginia Biddle, formerly of the "Follies" and, at the time of the accident, sweetheart of Mr. Richman, added three zeros to that fifty-dollar limit, suing him for $50,000 damages for injury to her nerves and beauty. And Samuel White, a fisherman of Greenport, Long Island, brought similar suit except that he lays no special stress on his beauty and perhaps for that reason, asks only half as much. The fish in Long Island Sound can't see if a fisherman has scars on his legs and probably would not be interested anyway.

Whether the two claimants will have to be satisfied with dividing that meagre $50 between them or can collect the full amount of any damages they can show in court, will depend largely on one question: Was the explosion which blew up the Chavalmar II, due to the carelessness and negligence of its owner, or was it "an act of God?"

In laws governing marine disasters and insurance an "act of God," is something beyond man's control or beyond ordinary prudence to foresee, such as hurricanes, floods, earthquakes and lightning strokes. It also covers unexpected behavior of inanimate objects such as spontaneous combustion and mysterious explosions. Of course, if the Deity is responsible for a disaster, the courts don't see much to be done about it and let the victims content themselves with what they can get out of the wreck. But if the owner, a human being, is responsible, through negligence, he can be made to pay damages, if he has any money. Otherwise he also escapes.

Miss Biddle's lawyers, Bernard Katzen and Harry D. Thirkield of New York City, say they will prove that the accident was not an act of God, but a case of plain carelessness on the part of Mr. Richman. Their beautiful but slightly scarred client naturally agrees with them. According to her story, Harry's cabin cruiser, the Chavalmar II, trim, lovely, innocent looking as a "Follies" girl, and covered with $10,000 worth of insurance, set out early in the morning of July 26, 1931, from Beechhurst, L. I., on what was intended for a nice jolly week-end cruise. On board were the owner, his chauffeur and his sailing master, a Greenport fisherman, named Samuel White. As guests he had Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hellinger, Miss Biddle and the equally well-known "Follies" beauty, Helen Walsh.



Photograph of the Shattered Burning Hull of Harry Richman's Cabin Cruiser Chavalmar II., on Which the Two Show-Girl Beauties Were Burned.

Without incident the little cruiser got as far as Greenport at the eastern end of Long Island where the yacht docked to take on more gasoline. What happened in the next few minutes after the tanks were filled will be the point over which the lawyers must fight. Miss Biddle states that the boat was full of a strong odor of gasoline fumes which she mentioned to Harry. Also she says that White noticed the odor and advised the night-club man to find out where it was coming from and air out the yacht before starting. Disregarding this advice, she says that Harry threw the starting switch—and they certainly started.

Instead of continuing their journey horizontally over the waters of Long Island Sound the various members of the party were shot upward, overboard, onto the dock, and then some continued on to the hospital, the cemetery and the courts. The jury will have a hard time deciding what really did happen, because the explosion seems to have knocked everyone so silly that a score of conflicting stories have been told.

The ill-fated Helen Walsh was resting in her pajamas in the cabin, and when she was finally dragged on deck her pajamas and hair were aflame with gasoline. Mr. Richman jumped into the water with her as the quickest way to put out the flames. It did that, and he got her out of the water, but the damage had been done. On the way to the hospital she kept moaning:

"My face is my fortune. I hope it isn't burned."

But it was; also her chest and legs, and most of her hair was singed off. After two days of agony she died.

It was reported that Miss Biddle was blown into the water and that Mr. Richman gallantly dove in and fished her out also. This seemed plausible because Virginia and Harry were very dear friends at the time and Broadway expected to hear a wedding announcement most any day. However, both agree that the rescue story is all wrong.

"This is what really happened, as I remember it," says Miss Biddle.

"There was a deafening blast and I felt myself being lifted off the deck. The next thing I knew I was lying in a mess of splintered wood and my legs and back felt very hot, although they didn't hurt me. Gradually I recovered consciousness and realized that I was being burned. I crawled to the dock and a man held out his hand to help me ashore.

"I do remember before I collapsed, seeing Harry jump into the water with Helen Walsh whose pajamas were all afire. A man took me to the Eastern Long Island Hospital. I stayed there four days and was brought back to New York. It was a month before I was able to dance again."

A Furry Bundle Made Up of Harry Richman and Clara Bow.

Mr. Richman, in confirming the fact that she did not fall into the water, mentioned that the "Follies" beauty looked like a cockroach as she crawled along the burning deck to the pier. He is not being sued for that remark because he said it with a smile and Miss Biddle knows he didn't mean it and besides anyone as pretty as she knows she is does not mind what is said of her looks.

Virginia admits that Richman paid her hospital bill and her salary during the time she was out of the show, but thinks it no more than he should have done and no reason for not paying $50,000 more for permanent damage to her nerves and for scars on her ankles and on the extreme rear of her hips. Her mother, Mrs. Lutie Biddle, who has some knowledge of accidents, having been laid up with a broken leg from an automobile smash, says:

"If you think that was generous look what Harry did for Helen Walsh's mother. He staged a benefit performance of the 'Follies,' which raised about $20,000 and, I understand, gave her the $10,000 worth of insurance he had on the boat and afterward took out an insurance policy for $10,000, making Mrs. Walsh his beneficiary. Why couldn't he have shown a little generosity to my girl?"

Miss Virginia Biddle, "Follies" Beauty, Who Was Severely Burned When Mr. Richman's Motorboat Blew Up, and Now Brings Suit for Compensation for Her Injuries and Doctor's Bill.

According to her reasoning, what he did for Miss Walsh's mother, instead of being to his credit in the present suit, will be used against him. The explosion did not actually kill the affection between Harry and Virginia, but it seems to have so weakened it that the next shock was fatal. She says that for a few months he gave her presents and took her around a lot. Then came another accident, known as the "hunting of the mole," and all was off.

One night, after the show, Harry and Virginia were invited to a party at an apartment in Fifty-fourth Street. Virginia arrived first and, looking very lovely as she was waiting for Harry, attracted the concentrated interest of the host of the party.

According to one account, this host had heard rumors of an interesting mole somewhere on the back of pretty Virginia. It had occurred to him at this moment to explore that portion of Virginia's anatomy and see that mole for himself. So reaching a paw at the back of Virginia's dress, he stripped the thing down somewhat as a person would peel a banana, looking to the right and left for that elusive mole.

One reason the uncovering went so far was that the gentleman had been misinformed. Virginia hadn't any mole and told him so, but he would not believe her and ignored her protests. It was all right to be exposed on the stage of a theatre, but she had a prejudice against it in a private apartment.

Her prejudice was quickly justified by the sudden entrance of Mr. Richman, who gazed at his dishevelled sweetheart and expressed his opinion that it was not nice to find the girl he cared for being explored in any such way. His affection cooled from that moment, but Miss Biddle's, though sadly wounded, lingered on feebly till the day she received legal notice that Harry expected all claims for damages to be limited by that $50 value of the motorboat's wreck. This killed her love instantly and she showed it by bringing suit. It is hardly possible to love anyone and sue him for $50,000 at the same time.

Virginia tells a somewhat different story of the mole episode. In the first place whoever told that man that she had one did not know what he was talking about. "Follies" girls don't have moles or any other blemishes or, if they do, they get them removed. Her story is as follows:

"I went to the party and when Harry hadn't showed up at three o'clock I put on my hat and coat and started to leave. The host said that Harry had just 'phoned and was coming right over, so I took off my things and waited. While I was waiting, this man put his hand on my shoulder and said I had a beautiful back. Then he ripped my waist down the back. He didn't say anything about looking for a mole at first.

"When Harry arrived a few moments later he had a lot to say about the torn waist, and he blamed me for the whole thing. He didn't say a word to the host. I can't say whether the situation was planned or not, but anyway that seemed to be the end of any romance between Harry and me. It may have been a put-up job or it may have been an accident but if it was an accident it certainly was no act of God.

"I felt all along that Harry would do something substantial in return for the injuries I have suffered when he got around to it. But when I got the 'fifty-dollar' notice I decided to take action. You see all I have from him now is a rather inexpensive bracelet, engraved, 'To My Darling,' and a wrist watch."

The sentimental value of these trinkets has also been reduced by something one of her friends told her about them.

"I hear that he gave them to Clara Bow," Miss Biddle said, looking at them accusingly, "and that in one of their scraps she threw them at him. They say that she made such a noisy row that the people at the hotel called her, 'Clara Bow-wow.' Harry says there is not a word of truth in it and maybe there isn't, but the watch has a dent in it."

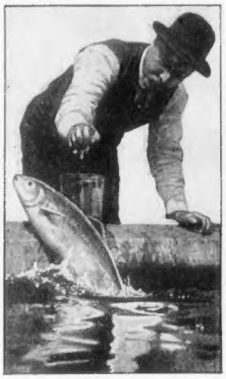
Section 183 of the U. S. Admiralty Laws of which Harry Richman wants to take advantage, reads as follows:

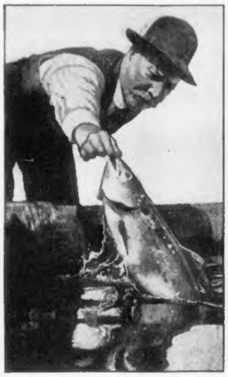
"The liability of the owner of any vessel for any embezzlement, loss or destruction, by any person, of any property, goods, or merchandise shipped or put on board such vessel, or for any loss, damage or injury by collision, or for any act, matter or thing, loss, damage or forfeiture done, occasioned or incurred without the privity or knowledge of such owner or owners shall in no case exceed the amount of value of the interest of such owner in such vessel and her freight pending."

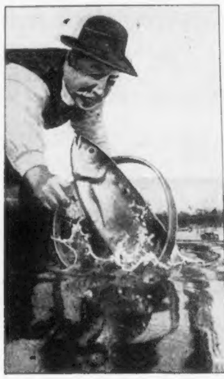
This cheerful irresponsibility of shipowners comes down from a remote past when sailing was considered a dangerous and reckless calling and that anyone who took passage on a ship should consider himself lucky to get ashore alive. However, these same American Admiralty Laws have also a saving clause, in Section 187. In this clause the law holds the owner of the boat responsible if the wreck or damages to passengers or freight resulted from his negligence or the negligence of captain or crew.

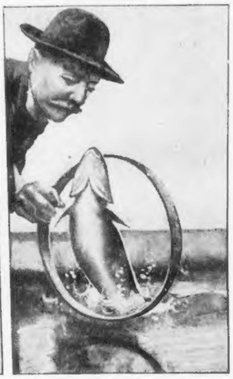
Under this clause, if Miss Biddle and Mr. White show that Harry Richman was negligent when he threw the starting switch that caused the explosion, they may collect any amount of damages the jury sees fit to award them.

Mr. Lange's Trained Salmon That Stand On Their Tails And Leap Through Hoops


The Trained Salmon Resting on the Side of Mr. Lange's Fountain While He Feeds the Fish Scraps of Raw Meat.


A Pet Fish Leaping Out of the Water as a Dog Jumps Into the Air to Snatch a Piece of Meat.


When Mr. Lange Holds the Hoop Out, the Salmon Leaps Through It, With Evident Enjoyment.


Held Above the Surface of the Water, the Fish Jump Through the Hoop and Never Touch It.

THE more mankind studies fish the more it becomes apparent that the silent swimmers of the ponds, rivers and ocean are not as dumb and stupid as had been supposed. A fish can be taught to do tricks like a dog, and it is now known that a fish "knows his master," responds to signs and signals, and in many ways displays a rather high degree of intelligence.

Like the domestic animals, fish respond to kindness and are willing to oblige their master by performing tricks when they once understand what is expected of them. It seems, indeed, apparent that the creatures get some fun out of doing their stunts like the alert, interested and happy circus dogs that wag their tails and perform their acts with great animation and evident enjoyment.

Nor does it take a scientist to study and train fish. Mr. Charles Lange, a Port Townsend, Washington, business man, owns a troupe of seven salmon trout which, over a period of years, he has taught to go through a series of tricks which would amaze the most imaginative spinner of fish stories.

It was several years ago that Mr. Lange, an ardent fisherman, decided that fish are much more intelligent creatures than they are given credit for being and that they could be trained in much the same manner as horses, dogs and seals. In order to put his then seemingly absurd theory into practice Mr. Lange had a concrete pool built under his office window.

Into this pool the Washington sportsman put seven salmon trout fry, that is, very young trout. He learned from fish hatchery experts that salmon trout prefer fresh, raw, ground beef to any other food and he always kept a supply of this food on hand. Several times a day he would leave his desk and serve a meal to his finned pets.

At first the trout would swim madly about the pool to get away from their owner and they would not eat their raw meat until he was out of sight. Gradually they got used to their master, however, and would gobble up their meals as the morsels fell from his hand.

The first inkling that Mr. Lange was right in his ideas about the mentality of fish and the possibilities of training them came when the creatures were about half grown. They would come to the surface and literally eat from his hand, but if a stranger attempted to feed them they would sink to the bottom of the pool and ignore the bits of beef that sank slowly down. This made it apparent to the would-be fish trainer that fish have the ability to think and remember and that they respond to kindness in much the same manner that dogs and cats do.

At feeding time the seven trout would thresh about as though they enjoyed being with their master. They sometimes nibbled at his fingers and darted away before he could take them in his hands. After a time, however, he got them to eat out of his hand. Today the fish actually will leap out of the water to snatch the bits of beef and almost will stand on their tails, like dogs sitting up and begging.

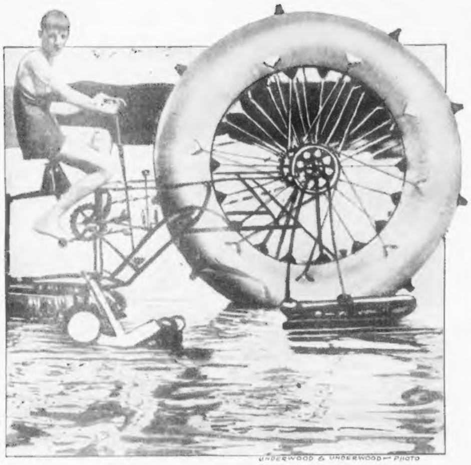
Mr. Lange, of course, knows each one of his trout and has given them names, but he does not go so far as to say that each of the fish knows its name and will come when called. This, he admits, would be too much of a fish story.

He does say—and demonstrates—that he fish know his voice and his signals, which include beating on the surface of the water with the palms of his hands, and that they show, as much as fish can show, real affection for him. They are careful not to bite him when they take food from his hands and they swim against his fingers as thought they actually enjoyed his fondling.

Mr. Lange was not content with winning the good graces of his finned menagerie and of training its members to jump for food. He wanted to prove his contention that fish can be taught to do real tricks. So, by long and patient cajoling, he finally taught every one of his seven pets to jump into the air and through a hoop. At first he had actually to take the fish in his hands and toss them through, but eventually they absorbed the idea and would leap through the circle with no assistance from their master.

Even more remarkable than this feat is what Mr. Lange calls the "fish-out-of-water" trick. When he places food some distance away from the edge of the pool and calls to his gang of seven-pound beauties, they will leap clear of the water and feed. For several seconds they will stay out of their natural element while they pick up bits of ground beef and, seemingly, take a long and affectionate look at their master and their surroundings.

This may all sound just like another "fish story," but scores of people have visited Mr. Lange's pool and have seen with their own eyes the modern wonder of trained fish.


UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—PHOTO

The Water Bicycle Recently Demonstrated on the River Near McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, Where It Was Invented. It Makes Four Miles an Hour Against a Strong Current and Moves by Foot Power.

Curious One-Man Vehicles

MUCH of man's inventiveness is spent in making machines which will take him places—on land, over water and under it, and through the air—rapidly, comfortably and safely. Some of these machines, such as the automobile and the airplane, are universally used, and have an important effect on modern life. Others of them are what might be called "freak" vehicles, interesting more for their unuzualness than for their utility.

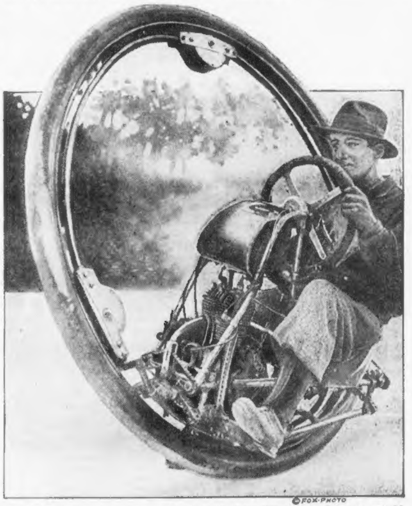
Two such vehicles—one the "motor wheel," and the other a new form of "water bike"—were recently perfected and demonstrated. The "motor wheel," which was invented by a Swiss engineer named Gerder, is a curious looking device. The operator sits on a small seat fixed to a metal ring about five feet in diameter. Within this ring, beside the seat, is a tiny but powerful motor, a gasoline tank and a steering wheel. Around the ring is a solid rubber-tired wheel, which is motivated by the engine.

Inventor Gerder, in his demonstration of the strange vehicle, has sent it rolling hoop-like over the roads at better than fifty miles an hour, and believes that he has created something which may some day be seen on highways and byways all over the world. In fact, he is planning a trip around the world in his "motor wheel" to demonstrate its practicability, safety and economy of operation.

The "water bike" is a much more ponderous device than the motorized hoop, and one that seems to have much less chance of becoming popular. It has to be worked by foot-power applied to the pedals of a bicycle-like machine, which is hooked up with a huge inflated wheel from the outer surface of which small paddles project.

The wheel and the bicycle are supported on the water by four hollow and water-tight wooden floats, and the gears are so arranged that the big wheel is turned easily when pressure is applied to the pedals. When the machine was tried out on the river near McCook Field, at Dayton, Ohio, it made about eight miles an hour with the current and four miles an hour against the current. In this age of speed it is unlikely that any such slow-moving vehicle will be generally adopted, although it might find favor at lake and seaside resorts.

Engineers have, however, taken a keen interest in the mechanical principles found in the Swiss inventor's single-wheeled machine. They do not believe that the device itself has much chance of popularity, but they do think that the motorized hoop may have features which can be adopted for automobiles.


©FOX-PHOTO

A Strange Motorcycle, Invention of a Swiss Engineer, Who Plans to Tour the World. The Cycle Has One Wheel Which Runs on the Inside of a Large Rubber Tire.

British Girl Germany's Prize Beauty

BACK in the days of the World War, when Germany was "strafing" England, a girl by the name of Lillian Harvey was playing minor roles in a motion picture company with a studio on the outskirts of Berlin. She was a Britisher and her employers would not permit her to return to her native country. Her every move was checked and most of her associates began to regard her with suspicion and the unreasoning hatred born of war.

A few weeks ago this same Lillian Harvey was acclaimed the most beautiful of all German movie stars, and a photograph of her—the picture shown at the right—was awarded first prize at a convention of eminent German artists and photographers held in the German capital.

Miss Harvey has not relinquished her British citizenship, but she says frankly that Germany has been the scene of her success as an actress and that she feels almost as much a Teuton as a Briton. She likes the Germans and they like her, now that the exaggerated emotions of war have been more or less forgotten.

"During the war some people were rather mean to me," said the British-born queen of the German films, "but I'm sure that some of my own countrymen were just as mean to Germans who found themselves stuck in England at the outbreak of hostilities. I couldn't go home, even if I'd wanted to, so I decided to make the best of it. I'm glad I did, for I believe that the necessity to succeed in the face of discouraging handicaps made me a much better actress than I would have become under ordinary conditions."

INTERL PHOTO

Probably the Most Beautiful Actress in German Films Is a British Girl, Miss Lillian Harvey, Whose Photograph, Shown Above, Won a Prize at a Convention of Artists in Berlin.

A Hat That Weighs 4 Tons

WHAT probably is the largest hat ever made was set up in one of the public squares of Genoa, Italy, during a national convention of the Italian Alpine Veterans. The hat, a giant model of the headpiece worn by the celebrated Alpini—mountain troops—during the World War, was fashioned of a kind of lightweight cement, and was built by war veterans living in the district of Val Cordevole, who worked on the unique creation for months.

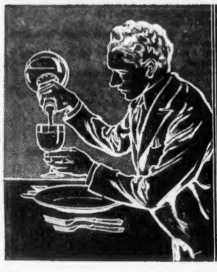
When the monster hat, weighing four tons, was completed it was put on a special railway car and transported more than 200 miles to Genoa. When it arrived there, a small army of veterans helped workmen move the big hat from its railway car to a motor truck and take it from the truck and set it on a base in the public square.

Other groups of veterans adopted similar stunts to direct attention to their services in the war, but none of the exhibits was as ambitious or as sensational as the giant hat of the Alpinis.

At the close of the conclave of ex-soldiers the civic authorities of Genoa suggested that the hat be left in the city and promised to erect a foundation and give the oddity a prominent and permanent resting place in some spot frequented by the public.

The veterans readily agreed to this plan and a committee of them voted to return to Genoa to assist in the dedication exercises in which the city would formally accept and dedicate a hat tipping the scales at more than 8,000 pounds.

Common Rules of Health that are Useless or Harmful



"Drink Plenty of Water," at Least Six or Eight Glasses a Day, Is Advised, but There Is Nothing to Prove That This Is Desirable.

"Take Plenty of Exercise" Is Another Health Slogan, but Many People Live to Great Age Who Take No More Exercise Than Can Be Escaped.

The Advice to "Walk Off a Cold in the Fresh Air," If Followed, May Result in Making the Cold Much Worse and Lead to Pneumonia.

"Sleep Eight Hours" Is Too Small an Allowance for Many, and More Than Is Needed by Others. Of course, Children Need Much More.

There Is Nothing Whatever to Prove That a Daily Bath or a Weekly Bath, or a Bath Even Once a Year, Is of Any Advantage to Health.

The Warning Not to Swallow Fruit or Raisin Seeds, Because of the Danger That They May Cause Appendicitis, Is Based Upon No Evidence.

No Evidence That Drinking Six Glasses of Water a Day, "Plenty of Exercise," a Daily Bath, "Fresh Air Is Good for a Cold," or "Sleep Eight Hours" Are Desirable Habits for Everybody to Follow

NOT all the things the doctor advises or the Board of Health insists on are based upon any substantial evidence. Health journals and most doctors advise drinking six glasses of water a day. From earliest school days the physical instructors earnestly warn everybody to take plenty of exercise; but it is not at all certain everybody needs exercise. It is widely suggested that fresh air is highly desirable for the prevention of colds—there is no proof of this, but on the contrary there is evidence that fresh air, if it is cold air, may be one of the factors in producing a cold. "Sleep eight hours" is the common advice of medical men, and yet there is no question that some individuals do not require eight hours of sleep, while for others eight hours are not enough.

Photo Wide World.

Perhaps the Most Efficient and Robustly Healthy of All Animals Is the Cat Tribe—But the Cat Takes No Exercise That It Can Avoid Except the Quiet Stretching of Its Muscles.

Dr. Ronald B. Armstrong, health expert of one of the big life insurance companies, at a recent meeting of the American Public Health Association, in Montreal, pointed out that we are the victims of many health myths which are commonly endorsed by medical advisers where there is no satisfactory evidence to back them up. Some of these unsupported or entirely untruthful health slogans have taken the form of epigrams like "a clean tooth never decays." This is not true, as every dentist knows.

Another common delusion, even among physicians, is the idea that children who are thin and underweight are especially likely to get tuberculosis. They are "marked out," people say, for death from consumption. In fact, statistics show nothing of the sort. It has become a popular superstition that frequent bathing is a health necessity whereas there is little or no evidence that bathing is needed at all for anything but pleasure and esthetics.

Perhaps the commonest belief, the truth of which is to be suspected if not actually denied, is the idea that fresh air is good for colds. "Walking off" a cold by staying out in the air may sometimes be followed by the cold getting well, but there is not the slightest reason to believe that the air had anything to do with it. Presumably the fresh-air idea goes back to the former superstitions, shared for centuries by the medical profession, about the health value of fresh air and the diseases caused by various kinds of bad air.

Many people still believe, for example, that "sewer gas" is a deadly poison; which never is true except in the rare instances in which gasoline vapor, carbon monoxide gas or some other actual poison gets into the air of the sewers or is formed in them. Bad smells do not necessarily, or even frequently, have power to damage health, however disagreeable they may be. Night air is not harmful; it is likely, in fact, to be even better in quality than morning air. The enormous sums of money spent for health reasons on inspection of plumbing are, if not actually wasted, at least much less valuable than money spent on such things as pure food inspection or providing good milk and water.

Many of the things supposed to be necessary universally for good health may be really necessary for some people, but by no means for all. One of them is exercise, as already mentioned. Whether because of some peculiarity of natural constitution or merely because of habit, there undoubtedly are some individuals who need a certain amount of bodily exercise and who are not entirely healthy if they cannot get it. Yet there are innumerable exceptions. Among animals, for example, the cat takes no exercise at all if it can be helped; yet cats are notoriously among the healthiest of domestic animals, far healthier than either dogs or horses, both of which habitually take all the exercise that they can get.

The Late William M. Evarts, Who Made It a Point Never to Take Any Considerable Exercise, and Maintained Excellent Health Throughout His Life and Reached the Ripe Old Age of 83 Years.

The late Senator William M. Evarts had the maxim never to take any exercise at all if he possibly could avoid it. Each person's heart, Senator Evarts believed, has only so many beats to its credit in the bank of life. When these are all gone the heart fails and the person dies. It is inadvisable, the Senator maintained, to squander any of this precious capital of heart beats in useless exercise. Medical men are not entirely in agreement with this theory, for it is certain that the life of the heart is not fixed in childhood but depends upon many health factors that come along later in life; for example, the effects of germ diseases that permanently weaken the heart. Yet the fact remains that Senator Evarts lived to the ripe old age of eighty-three and kept his faculties to the end; a living proof that exercise is by no means necessary to everybody.

The need of eight hours of sleep is another matter that differs greatly among different individuals. The late Thomas Edison used to boast that he slept only four hours or so each night. This often was supplemented, however, by naps in his laboratory which his friends reported. Yet it probably is true that Edison slept much less than average people, perhaps only six or seven hours in each twenty-four, or even less.

On the other hand, there are people who really do need eight hours of sleep or even nine hours in an average day and who are not at their best either in mind or of body unless they get it. It is dangerous, therefore, for any person to assume that he or she belongs to the group that can get along with very little sleep. Lack of it may do real harm to health. Yet there is no reason to assert, as many health faddists do, that everyone, without exception, needs a full eight hours.

For babies, of course, the situation is different. The American Medical Association recently recommended for children under one year old from fourteen to sixteen hours of sleep in each twenty-four; for children between one and three years, thirteen to fourteen hours, and even for young people, fourteen or fifteen years old, between nine and ten hours. Yet all such sleep rules, it is admitted, must be modified to suit the individual.

Photo Intl.

"Young America"—This Wide-Awake, Active Youngster Is "Underweight" and Thus in Danger of Tuberculosis, According to Medical Theory—But Statistics Give No Support to This Widespread Notion.

The amount of water that one drinks seems to be still more a matter of personal habit. Various sets of health rules prescribe from six glasses to eight glasses a day, yet there are many people who get along, Dr. Armstrong pointed out, on much smaller amounts of fluids and on no actual water at all. Probably drinking more water would do even these individuals no harm, especially if the extra water is drunk between meals. It is certain, too, that there are many people who must drink considerable amounts of water to be healthy. Yet the rule of water drinking, like the other rules, is to be varied for each individual and to be prescribed by the physician or by the person himself after trial, not as an invariable fact to be laid down once, always and for everybody. Many French people drink no water at all and some drink very little wine.

It is fashionable to take a bath every day and the common idea is that bathing is necessary to health. Primitive mankind probably never bathed at all from birth to death. Yet some of the races of primitive man were the strongest, healthiest and brainiest that ever lived. Even today, it is a superstition of miners in various parts of the world that to wash the back is weakening and unhealthy. Accordingly, while these men may wash their hands and faces just as other people do, their backs are likely to go untouched by soap or water for years. Nothing happens either to the skin of their backs or to their health.

Photo Underwood & Underwood.

The Well-Intentioned Board of Education of Stockholm, Sweden, Provides for a Daily Bath in an Individual Tub for the Public School Children. But No Evidence Has Been Produced That These Children Are Any Better Off With Than Without Their Baths.

The scientific fact seems to be that bathing, either daily or once a week or at all, has no value whatsoever for health; except, perhaps, that washing of the hands or of other exposed parts of the skin may help to remove dangerous germs picked up from other human beings. Bathing owes its only health value, then, to the fact that it is a partial antidote to the modern habit of mankind of crowding close together in cities and thus of spreading germs more plentifully than in earlier ages. For social and esthetic purposes frequent bathing may be desirable and does not seem harmful to health, except in rare instances like baths that are too hot, too cold or too prolonged for the individual concerned. There is not a bit of scientific evidence, however, that it is helpful to health.

One of the widely misunderstood facts about health most talked about at present, Dr. Armstrong told the Association, is the supposed great increase in heart disease. This statement has the effect of scaring many susceptible people into actual illness and causing much distress to other less susceptible individuals who come to imagine that they have "weak hearts" and are sure to die from them.

It is true enough, Dr. Armstrong admits, that the statistics show increasing numbers of deaths from heart disease. It is true, too, that some of these deaths are of young people, most of them the victims of germ infections which have affected the heart. These varieties of heart disease are real disasters, and are largely preventible, but they do not form the largest percentage of the deaths from heart failure, nor are these heart deaths of younger people increasing. What is causing the statistical increase of heart disease, Dr. Armstrong believes, is really the increase of such deaths among older people and is due merely to the fact that more and more people now live to get old.

A generation ago, a larger fraction of the public died in youth or middle age from diseases which medical science now has largely conquered. Nowadays these people escape that fate, live to be sixty years old or older and therefore get to the age when death by heart disease or by a few other diseases, like cancer, is far more likely than in youth. In one sense, for a man or woman of seventy or eighty to die of heart disease is not a disaster or an abnormality. It is something to be expected at that age. Accordingly, it is probable that the real death rate from heart disease is not increasing at all and that there is no cause for anyone to be alarmed.

Another common delusion, even among physicians, is the idea that children who are thin and underweight are especially likely to get tuberculosis. They are "marked out," people say, for death from consumption. In fact, statistics show nothing of the sort. Exact studies have been made, Dr. Armstrong stated, of the percentages of children of different weights, body types and so on who contract this disease. Nothing indicates that the thin ones are any more "tubercular" than the others. It is wise, of course, for parents to have their children examined from time to time for signs of tuberculosis or other diseases, but this is merely a general precaution. There is no reason to be especially alarmed about the thin ones.

The public and even the medical profession have held firmly in past times to many health beliefs now utterly exploded, just as belief in the needs for bathing or for regular exercise are being exploded now. One of these was the belief in bleeding, once used by physicians for a long list of diseases and now believed to have done, usually, more harm than good. George Washington is supposed to have died at an earlier age than would have been necessary because a well-meaning but ignorant physician bled him too severely for a disease better treated in some other way.

Another ancient idea that still hangs on in some people's minds is belief in the universal value of blisters and other artificial irritations of the skin. No statistician could compute the total of unnecessary pain and discomfort chargable against the former idea that a good strong blister, like a mustard plaster, is good for almost anything.

Still another ancient myth is that of "ozone" in the air; some mysterious thing believed to be present in the air of sea coasts or mountains and to have marvelous health-giving properties. There is a real compound called ozone, chemists know, but it is seldom present in any part of the air lower than six or seven miles above the earth's surface and if it were present in any large quantity, that fact would be a disaster, for ozone is a powerful poison. The "smell of the ozone" that people rave about at the sea side is usually a blend of about equal parts of sea weed and dead clams, just faint enough so that its humble origins are not perceptible.

Two other myths which Dr. Armstrong did not mention, are that grape or orange seeds cause appendicitis and that green apples cause stomach ache. Dr. H. W. Hill of Ontario exploded the green apple belief a few years ago and many physicians have pointed out that there is not the slightest real reason to believe that any kind of seeds ever lodge in the appendix or would do any harm if they did, appendicitis being due to an infection of that organ with germs, not to irritation by seeds.

Perhaps many other health beliefs held by the public or even the medical profession could be exposed in a similar way, and ultimately will be.

What Makes People Dislike You

Science Studies This Important Problem and Formulates a List of Questions Which You Can Answer Yourself and Find Out Why Your Friends Like You or Don't Care for You

Answer These Questions Honestly and See Whether You Ought to Be Popular or Not

Give yourself a score of THREE for each of these questions to which you can answer "Yes:"

1—Can you always be depended upon to do what you say you will?
2—Do you go out of your way cheerfully to help others?
3—Do you avoid exaggeration in all your statements?
4—Do you avoid being sarcastic?
5—Do you refrain from showing off how much you know?
6—If you feel superior to most of your associates do you refrain from showing it?
7—Do you refrain from bossing people not employed by you?
8—Do you keep from reprimanding people who do things that displease you?
9—Do you avoid making fun of others behind their backs?
10—Do you keep from domineering others?

Give yourself a score of TWO for each of these questions to which you can answer "Yes:"

11—Do you keep your clothing neat and tidy?
12—Do you avoid being bold and nervy?
13—Do you avoid laughing at the mistakes of others?
14—Is your attitude toward the opposite sex free from vulgarity?
15—Do you avoid finding fault with everyday things?
16—Do you let the mistakes of others pass without correcting them?
17—Do you loan things to others readily?
18—Are you careful not to tell jokes that will embarrass those listening?
19—Do you let others have their own way?
20—Do you always control your temper?
21—Do you keep out of arguments?
22—Do you smile pleasantly?
23—Do you avoid talking almost continuously?
24—Do you keep your nose entirely out of other people's business?

Give yourself a score of ONE for each of these questions to which you can answer "Yes:"

25—Do you have patience with modern ideas?
26—Do you avoid flattering others?
27—Do you avoid gossiping?
28—Do you refrain from asking people to repeat what they have just said?
29—Do you avoid asking questions in keeping up a conversation?
30—Do you avoid asking favors of others?
31—Do you avoid trying to reform others?
32—Do you keep your personal troubles to yourself?
33—Are you natural rather than dignified?
34—Are you usually cheerful?
35—Are you conservative in politics?
36—Are you enthusiastic rather than lethargic?
37—Do you pronounce words correctly?
38—Do you look upon others without suspicion?
39—Do you avoid being lazy?
40—Do you avoid borrowing things?
41—Do you refrain from telling people their moral duty?
42—Do you avoid trying to convert people to your beliefs?
43—Do you avoid talking rapidly?
44—Do you avoid laughing loudly?
45—Do you avoid making fun of people to their faces?

If your score totals up 64 or more you ought to be popular. If the score is about 30 you probably are pretty generally disliked. The lowest score yet found was 12; and nobody liked him but his dog.

WHY ARE some people popular while others are rather generally disliked? This is a matter of considerable importance, and science has turned its attention to it. Indeed, the deciding factor in success in life or in obtaining a desired objective sometimes hangs on whether a person is liked or disliked. In the matter of promotion in business, the decision is often made by someone in a key position on the basis of whether the official likes him or not. Perhaps the girl the man wanted to make his wife was lost because there was something about him she did not like.

How many kingdoms have been lost, how many diplomatic ruptures that led to wars caused, and how many business and love lives blasted because of this heretofore mysterious dislike none can tell. A classic example is the aversion which the then Czar of Russia took to Kaiser Wilhelm soon after the latter ascended the throne. The czar visited Berlin. The bumptious young Wilhelm talked to him in a superior, bombastic way and ended by inviting himself to hunt on the Russian's royal preserves. The czar, as his private notes disclose, disliked Wilhelm intensely. And the result was that the Russo-Germanic alliance so devoutly desired by Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, was killed in the bud. Russia was thrown into the pact with France and England, and the alignment of nations in the Great War, so fateful to Germany, decided.

(c) Marceau, N.Y.

The Late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Who on Retiring to Her Room to Go to Bed Discovered Herself Wearing the Same Fixed, Mechanical Smile Which She Had Put on at Dinner and Had Worn Throughout the Evening.

While it is a mystery to most people why they are liked or disliked, science, through recent discoveries in experimental psychology, has established that dislike has a perfectly rational understandable basis. In the majority of cases science can now reveal why we dislike people and why they may dislike us. And in almost any given instance, it turns out that the individual is disliked because he or she unconsciously, and, perhaps, habitually, did certain common and objectionable things which prejudiced others. Indeed, in general, these dislike generators are of no essential importance in themselves, and can be easily avoided.

Why, then, do we so often offend others? Because human beings are what they are, because unconsciously they are dominated to an extent by old fears and taboos, and because likes and dislikes are matters more of emotion than of mind.

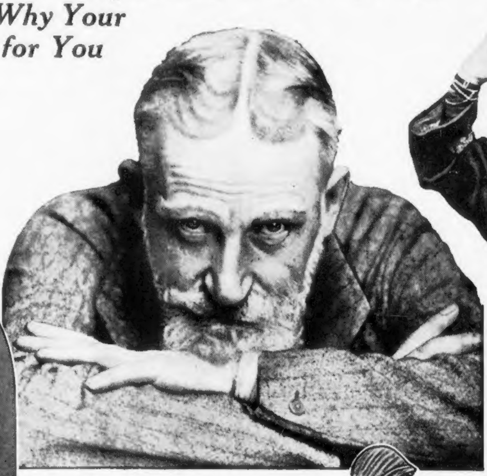
Now what are these things, small and inconsequential mayhap, yet capable of changing the course of a whole life, to say nothing of a nation? Experiments at Colgate University recently disclosed a list of 45 acts or inclinations we see in daily life which account for most all dislikes. They are enumerated in the personal test chart reproduced at the top of this page. A glance at the chart shows they fall into three groups, in the order of their comparative power to breed aversions. If a person has a number of the traits in Group 1, the chances, according to the mathematical law of probabilities, are no less than 1,000,000 to one that he will be disliked by many. The chances for the third group are around 740 to one, and in the second somewhere between.

While the chart sets them all down in order, some are far more interesting and dramatic than others. For instance, take Question No. 9, which in action relates to one of mankind's oldest and strongest emotions—Fear. The question is:

"Do you avoid making fun of others behind their backs?"

Not long ago a large company in a small upstate city hired from the metropolis a new executive manager. Beyond doubt he was a resourceful, aggressive, competent man. His record of achievement was one to dazzle any business house into thinking him worth his enormous salary. When he appeared, his crisp, handsome appearance and genial personality even tended to raise the general estimate. Yet at the end of six months he was in despair and so were his employers. The business had fallen off, and he himself was generally disliked.

Still, he was intelligent. He sat down to find out what was wrong—not with the business, but with himself. Wisely, he questioned others on the point. Soon he discovered two remarkable things. He loved to tell stories about his associates when they weren't present. He had a gift for mimicry and ridicule. Time and again, he remembered, he had entire parties, small groups or individuals laughing uproariously while he burlesqued So-and-so's antics after a bad shot of golf, or another's attitude on being told that he was to be demoted.



George Bernard Shaw, Who Attracts Attention to Himself by Taking the Opposite Side of Most Popular Subjects, and Still Wears Conspicuous Whiskers at a Time When Most Civilized Englishmen Have Abandoned the Unsanitary Practice.

It was not, as might be imagined, that the persons he talked about behind their backs heard of the mimicries and resented them, though that was a factor. No, the far more important one was that his listeners themselves began to wonder, naturally, if he didn't mimic them when they weren't on hand, just as he did the others. So in time they all grew to distrust and dislike him. That was the first discovery.

The second, equally surprising to him, was the fact that in the metropolis, because he moved in a social set quite distinct from his business set, his burlesques never had affected his business relations to any extent; but that in the small town social set and business set were much the same, and "things got around."

Having awakened to what was the matter, this business executive passed a personal prohibition law on mimicry, but it was years before he succeeded in living down his immediate past.

Among the tests at Colgate University, one of the students of wealth, social position, good clothes, musical, athletic, and attractive presence was, nevertheless, generally disliked. His low score on the test surprised him, but he admitted it true.

Among the young student's dislike-breeders, it turned out, he was forever showing off his superior knowledge; common table salt was for him always sodium chloride. He was hopelessly given to asking his fellows to do him little favors, but shirked or refused when they sought favors from him. He was a persistent borrower of cigarettes and never seemed to have any when somebody wanted to borrow one from him.

In this boy's case the test had a beneficial result. Having seen himself as others saw him, he succeeded in eliminating his selfish tendencies, with the result that his fraternity brothers called him a changed man. Indeed, they inquired at the psychological laboratory as to what magic had wrought the change.

Domineering of others is a great breeder of hates, little and big. It is a common characteristic of powerful executives, but it appears that women are more apt to assume a bossy attitude in authority than are men.

Mrs. Margot Asquith, a Brilliant British Woman Whose Sharp Tongue Has Offended Many and Often Caused Her Distinguished Husband Great Embarrassment—From Caricature by Low.

Energetic, competent persons are unusually susceptible to the domineering habit. As everyone knows, it frequently fathers no end of hard feeling in the work of charitable and other unpaid boards. A woman nationally known found herself in the grip of it. She wanted very much to get things done. Little by little she became more and more dictatorial, riding rough shod over others and their opinions. It happened that she was chairman of a charity bazaar.

As the opening day neared she became something of a whirlwind. So small an item as lemonade precipitated the crisis. "Don't you think," ventured one of the committeemen, "that the lemonade would sell better if it were colored?" Whereupon, the woman burst out, "Of course, have it made pink, at once! You'd think anyone would have known that!"

The mere man, along with others of the managerial board, looked at her. And suddenly, in their faces, the woman saw a revelation. They all disliked her heartily. And she remembered in a flash a whole train of similar incidents wherein she had acted the same part. That she flushed deeply, retreated in confusion and went away for a rest was to be expected.

Lady Astor, a Very Intelligent Woman, With Many Charms and Graces, but Who Has Stirred Much Hostility by Her Sharp Retorts and Acid Remarks.

These incidents are typical of the varied causes of dislike and its retinue of arguments and enmities set down in the list.

But while the 45 traits thus catalogued are the primary ones, there are others, less universal, perhaps, but just as enlightening. One of these is the habit some persons have of staring steadily and firmly into the eyes of the person they talk with. To many, this is disconcerting and repelling, perhaps because of some latent survival of the ancient fear of the evil eye, as it was called.

Somewhat similar is the tendency of individuals to push their faces very close to those of their friends or business associates. Sometimes, curiously, this is due to near-sightedness. But certainly many people find it disconcerting and avoid those who do it. Akin to it is that other habit so many dislike—the way some persons insist upon putting a hand on your shoulder or arm, or plucking your sleeve or coat lapel while talking.

The heart of the matter seems to be that each experience of our day, even the slightest and most transient, produces within us a sensation pleasant or unpleasant. In conversation our minds may be concentrated on one problem or another, but sensations outside the problem register just the same. Suppose while we talk our companion taps the floor incessantly, or makes odd, smacking noises, or smells of the stable. The sensations are unpleasant and turn us toward resentment, even anger.

On the other hand, suppose there is a pleasant, clean odor, a music in the other's voice, or if the companion is a woman, a delicate perfume. In the first case, our impressions have built up for us a feeling that disturbs and fills us with repulsion—we dislike the other fellow and have little, if any, wish to see or be with him again. In the second, we have only a pleasant feeling toward the other party—we like and look forward to another meeting. And the law holds throughout all the ramifications suggested by the wide range of living factors reflected in our list.

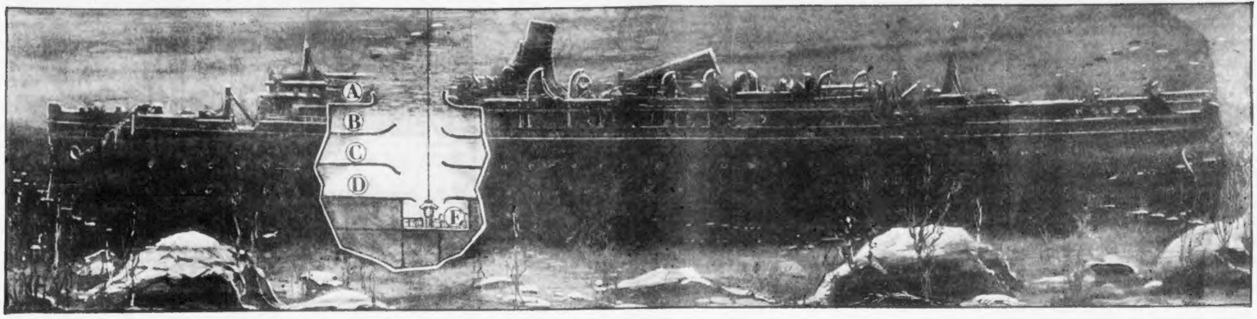
But there is another side to the question A calculated artificial effort at popularity is not always successful. The mechanical smile and smooth manners that are not genuinely sincere are often seen through and defeat their own objective. The hotel clerk's "glad hand" is recognized as a hollow gesture; it is insincere and meaningless. The person who is amiable and always agrees and is "all things to all persons" may have a degree of popularity, but, perhaps, not very devoted friends.

The late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who disputed with Mrs. Astor the leadership of New York society for many years, once said that she looked in the glass as she returned to her room after a reception and was shocked to find herself wearing a stereotyped, mechanical smile which she had put on at the dinner table and had been wearing artificially all through the evening and still had it as she started to unhook her rope of pearls and get ready for bed.

Sometimes a publicity seeker deliberately insults the public for the purpose of attracting attention to himself. George Bernard Shaw, who is said to be the greatest living free advertising getter, recently remarked that he took pains never to say a civil word about Americans. Thus, this self-advertiser not only wears whiskers, which most self-respecting persons refuse to do, but deliberately insults the American public and so attracts attention to himself and his writings. In England during the war he was accused of uttering sentiments that encouraged the enemy. And lately he has been laughed at for visiting Russia and proclaiming what a glorious place it is.

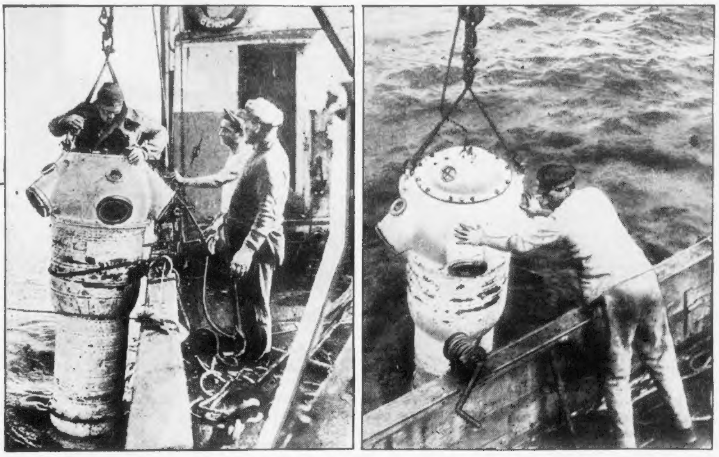
Lady Astor is a remarkable example of an extremely brilliant woman who has damaged her popularity by her habit of making acid remarks, and Mrs. Margot Asquith not only injured her own prestige but caused her husband great embarrassment by her sharp tongue.

$5,000,000 of Treasure Found—and Abandoned



Under-Seas Diagram of the Wrecked Steamship "Egypt," 396 Feet Below the Surface, Off the Coast of France. With High Explosives the Divers Bored Through the Boat Deck (A), the Hurricane Deck (B), the Upper Deck (C), the Main Deck (D), and at Last Penetrated Into the Bullion Room (E) With the 100 Kegs of Gold. But From That Day On Wind and Waves Refused to Allow the Divers to Enter That Treasure Cave Again and Salvage Operations Were Given Up Until Warm Weather Next Summer.

Tantalizing Freaks of Weather Which Allowed the Divers to Blast Through the Steel Decks of the Wrecked "Egypt" and at Last See the 100 Kegs of Gold in the Bullion Room—and then Drove Them Away



These Photographs Show the Observation Steel Shell Used by Divers Lowered Into the Sea to Explore the Wreck. One of the Photographs Shows an Italian Diver Climbing Down Into the Observation Shell. The Other Photograph Shows the Cap of the Steel Shell Screwed Into Place and Being Lowered Overboard With the Diver Inside.

LIKE the climax of a thrilling melodrama, the Atlantic Ocean finally permitted a diver of the Artiglio II., Italian salvage ship, to get just one glimpse of the five million dollars in gold and silver in the wreck of the Egypt, 400 feet below the surface. Then it rang down the curtain of Winter storm, fog and darkness.

The final act of this deepest of all deep-sea dramas will open early next Spring and the scene will be the same, the strong room of the sunken Peninsular and Oriental liner, where she has lain, since 1922, some three hours sail from the Island of Ushant, off the northwestern corner of France, at a depth half the height of the Woolworth Building.

Swinging on a steel cable, down through the gathering gloom will come a steel shell, with glass windows, through which peer the straining eyes of a man. Into the gaping holes blown through the four upper decks and the roof of the strong room drops the cylinder finally coming to rest on the floor of the treasure chamber as it has done just once before. In a green darkness so thick that he cannot see more than six feet, the diver will again make out the dim outlines of the nearest of 100 kegs in which are 80,000 pounds of gold coin, five and a half tons in gold ingots and 43 tons of silver—worth $5,000,000 or more.

This wealth will be within arm's reach and yet he cannot touch it because his arms and legs are imprisoned in the cylinder. He can only observe through his windows and report on his telephone line to the men above on what their hooks, grapnels and other specially contrived instruments are doing at the ends of their long cables. These things are painted white so the diver can see them coming and they are lowered with infinite care lest they hit and break one of his windows. Should this happen, the man would not drown but be instantly crushed to death by a water pressure so great that last Summer when the captain's safe was brought to the surface, it was found to have bent in at the back.

Will they salvage the treasure now that they have reached and actually seen it? Perhaps, and perhaps it will slip through their fingers and be lost forever. The most difficult and delicate part of the job still remains.

Meanwhile there will be an intermission of about five months before the last act, during which these millions will lie exposed to any sea gangsters, with nothing between them and five million dollars in bullion but 400 feet of clean salt water. A half a dozen buoys mark the spot so that anyone can find it.

But that is one thing the Artiglio's crew will not worry about this Winter. Let anybody try and get it. No man has ever worked at such depths before nor much over half of it.

The prologue of the drama is laid in 1922. On a foggy May evening, the crack P. & O. liner was creeping into the Bay of Biscay, renowned for its villainous weather. It was 7:30 and the passengers in evening dress just sitting down to dinner. The waiters were just placing the cocktails when there was the shudder of reversed engines and a crash. A rusty, old French tramp steamer had blundered out of the fog and rammed them amidships. The Egypt sank with the loss of nearly 100 lives and five millions in gold and silver on its way to India. The silver since then has depreciated in value but this has been compensated for by a rise in the purchasing value of the gold.

One or two salvaging companies fished around tentatively and in 1926 the Swedish Captain Hedbach set a buoy on what he thought was the Egypt's wreck nearly a mile from the right place. Then, in 1930, the Sorima Co. of Genoa, in the Artiglio I, spent six months searching. According to Lloyd's charts, this vicinity is something of a marine graveyard, littered with wrecks, including the Drummond Castle, which went down in 1896, with the loss of 247 lives.

It Was a Great Day When the Huge Steel Tongs Gripped the Captain's Safe in the Captain's Stateroom and Brought It Up to the Deck of the Salvage Vessel. In the Captain's Safe Were Found the Key to the Bullion Room and the Ship's Papers.

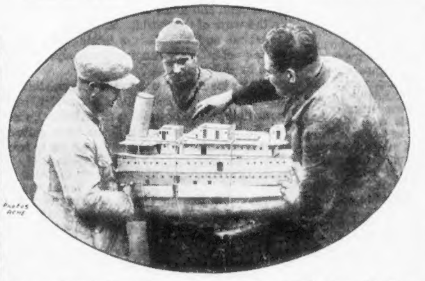
After catching their drags in numerous worthless, old, rotting hulks, the Artiglio sent a man down to look at this one, which their lead line told them was in 400 feet of water. At that time the Italians were using a German diving apparatus permitting descent to that depth. The usual diving dress is of rubber with a copper helmet. The diver breathes air pumped down from above, and which passes out through a valve in the helmet. The air pressure has to slightly more than equal that of the water and below 200 feet this quickly becomes almost unendurable. At that depth he can only work an hour at a time and requires another hour to be raised to the surface slowly enough to prevent the gases compressed in his blood from turning into bubbles, which cause the dreaded disease known as "bends."

The German device was all metal, resisting the pressure by its own strength. The diver within breathed uncompressed air to which oxygen was constantly added from flasks and the carbon dioxid of his breath removed by chemicals, just as in the Artiglio's present cylinder. By an ingenious contrivance the diver could also move his stiff steel legs very slowly sidewise and manipulate two metal arms that ended in pincers. Put to the test, however, the arms and legs were not found practical, so the Artiglio's mechanics made their own armless and legless cylinder.

Down went the diver suspended from a crane, rather rapidly for 200 feet past various little and big fishes and swimming crabs, with the water growing a darker green but not steadily. In this location, for some unknown reason, sometimes there is a stratum of water that is a little lighter than the one twenty feet above. After 220 feet they slowed the descent lest the cylinder might bang against a masthead.

"Do you see anything?" Mario Raffaelli, the master diver, on deck kept asking down the telephone line.

"Nothing," was the answer from young diver Giovanni Lenci, until, at the end of 400 feet he felt a jar and announced that he was on bottom but could not see it. The reason was that the visibility was only six feet, which was less than the distance between the bottom and his glass windows. They swung him forward and still he saw nothing. They swung him aft till he bumped into a large rock.



Divers Studying the Wreck From a Model of the "Egypt." Having Located the Captain's Stateroom and Safe They Then Knew Exactly Where to Bore Through the Decks to the Bullion Room. The Model Is Resting on the Captain's Safe.

Swinging him outboard, he announced a huge shadow. Just then the Artiglio swung at her anchors causing him to bump the shadow with a metallic bang that sounded over the telephone. Before he swung away again Giovanni glimpsed a fine, big porthole such as would be found only on a liner. It took two days of this dangerous bumping to prove by comparison with the model of the Egypt that they had found her at last. More days were consumed in locating the exact spot, on the boat deck, just over the bullion room.

Had the Egypt been lying in 200 feet or less, permitting ordinary diving dress, the thing would have been comparatively easy. The divers, using oxyacetylene torches which work under water, would have burned through the steel plates of the ship's side until they had a wide enough door and walk along the main deck to the strong room. This, too, would have soon yielded to the flame and there would have remained nothing but to trundle the treasure kegs out where they could be hoisted to the surface.

But a legless and armless diver, able only to observe and advise while his blind assistants worked at an equivalent of twenty stories up above, with instruments dangling at the end of 400-foot lines, had to blast his way straight downward through four decks. It was the clumsiest possible work. They had to lower the charges and keep jigging them around until the diver informed them that they had fallen in the right place. He was then hauled up and the explosive fired by electricity. After each shot the diver went down again to see what had happened and spent more days watching them try to get a hook under the shattered deck to pull it away.

Then the Artiglio would strain on her steam winches. Sometimes the obstruction would yield, sometimes the hook slipped and sometimes the stubborn metal refused to yield, even though the old Artiglio stood on her beam ends. That meant another charge of explosive.

Fogs, storms and any sort of overcast weather stopped work. In the equipment was a million candle power lamp, powerful enough to have made the dark depths bright as day, but the water pressure invariably caused a short circuit. Often they were unable to get in an hour's work in a whole week and sometimes storms drove them to the shelter of Brest Harbor.

Once down the diver could anchor himself with some stability by means of a weight in the bottom of the cylinder which he raised and lowered on a cable. One day this dropped off entirely, causing him to shoot to the top, like a cork. Luckily he did not happen to strike the bottom of the Artiglio or he would probably have had his brains dashed out. On another occasion the diver was dropped to the bottom with such speed that it almost knocked him insensible.

"Don't mind, Gianni," he heard his chief's laughing voice coming down the telephone wire: "Just a little joke. The winch slipped. You'll have to be patient till we get it fixed."

The laugh sounded hollow and the diver knew that they would tell him anything they saw fit to keep him from getting in a panic. As a matter of fact, the boom and the entire hoisting mechanism had been smashed and his oxygen and chemicals would have given out before they could have repaired it. They had to haul him up hand over hand, a job that made most everybody on board sore-handed for a week.

After playing with death till it was too dark and stormy to do any more in 1930, the Artiglio took a safe and easy job, blowing up a wreck in shallow water that was a menace to navigation near Belle Isle. There, by some accident, the Artiglio blew itself up with heavy loss of life. Undiscouraged, the survivors were back on the job again last Spring with the Artiglio II.

Blasting through the upper decks, they used plenty of explosive because the more damage the better. But the fourth deck, which is also the roof of the strong room, was another matter. The Egypt had been rammed close to this point and they feared that the sides or floor of the treasure chamber might be weakened. If so, heavy charges might not only break the rotting wooden kegs but let their precious contents tumble through gaps in the floor to be lost forever in the hold below. Therefore, they used little "pop-charges," just enough to break a few rivets at a time so that it took the entire second Summer to penetrate that last deck.

It was late last November when a diver took a desperate chance and was lowered into the green-inky darkness of the strong room to see the shadowy outlines of rows of kegs. Then the Artiglio had to scurry for Brest to escape one of the worst storms of the year. Once more they returned in the hope of picking up just one of those kegs. But old Neptune had rung that curtain down and he meant it to stay down till next Spring. So he sent a bigger and better storm which caused those bold actors to take the hint and go home to Genoa.

The Winter is being spent in contriving devices to pick up that gold, so near and yet so far. If those rotten old kegs would hold it would be easier, but this is hardly to be hoped. They have an ingenious apparatus which is meant to clasp the keg tenderly and at the same time surround it with a metal case. If the kegs burst they hope to suck up the coins through a pipe with a flexible nozzle which can be steered from the deck 400 feet above, at the diver's directions.

The ship, the treasure and the insurance on it were all British, of the greatest seafaring nation in the world, but it is Italian ingenuity, enterprise and nerve that have recovered it—almost.

What I Found Ou

A Typical "Weary Willie," a Jolly "Knight of the Road." He Is Kind-Hearted, Not a Criminal, But Prefers Rags, Discomfort and Uncertainty of Food to the Comforts of Modern Civilization, Which Mean Doing an Occasional Day's Work.

Photograph of Miss Jane Pepston at Home in Her New York Apartment.

Photograph of Miss Jane Pepston, Knapsack on Her Back, Climbing Up the Side of a Freight Car to Help Herself to a Free Ride as Uninvited Guest of the Railroad.

Here and there about the country are "Hobo Jungles"—camping grounds on the outskirts of a town and usually near a railroad freight yard, where hoboes congregate and loaf around until seized by the urge to move on.

When Jane Pepston and her mother approached the first hobo camping ground they had seen, at Garrison, Montana, they had misgivings. There before them were fifty or more tramps of all ages and conditions of attire. It was just at dusk, and some were cooking their supper, others hanging up clothes, while a few turned in for the night on the ground, wrapped in their blankets.

"Come right along, daughter," one of the hoboes he caught sight of Miss Pepston. "You're just in time

Miss Katherine Jackson, a Lone Hoboette, Photographed in a Field Cooking Her Dinner.

By Miss Jane Pepston,

A New York "Co-ed" and Amateur Hoboette.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the Spring term at the New York university where I am a student was finished, I felt a yearning to get out in the open for a good, long, tramping trip. My mother thought this was a reasonable desire and she surprised me by saying she would like to go with me.

So we set off in the early part of July in hiking outfits and with $50 in money. How far we would get, just where we would land and what experiences might be awaiting us, we had not the slightest idea. We did not intend to pay railroad fares, nor get lodgings at hotels or boarding houses, and I hoped that somehow we would not have to spend much money for meals.

Would that $50 pay for lodging, meals and transportation across the country and back, we wondered? Well, as you will see later on, it almost did. We sent for a little money a few times and when our trip was over and we were back in New York again, I found we had covered more than 8,000 miles and had spent about $150—quite a good deal of traveling, lodging and meals for two people for ten weeks on $75 apiece.

Of course, I knew that there were more or less tramps and hoboes scattered over the countryside. I had seen "bums" on the benches in the parks in New York City and had been accosted by beggars and I knew the police were constantly rounding up pickpockets, sneak thieves, vagrants and "panhandlers." Would we have unpleasant meetings with these people? Were all these varieties of persons really just bums, tramps or thieves?

This interested me very much, because I knew we were sure to find them along the road. Would it be safe to have anything to do with these wanderers or even to speak to them? And if there was any distinction between a hobo and a tramp, or a bum and a panhandler, etc., we ought to know the difference so we could judge in what measure we should be on our guard in each case and how to recognize the difference between the good and the bad; unless all Knights of the Road were of the criminal class.

We decided to be very careful not to get too near any Weary Willie or Mr. Dusty Roads we saw along the way. And then accidentally we were suddenly thrown into contact with a hobo who seemed a nice young chap and inspired our confidence.

We had swung up into an empty box-car and were sitting in the open doorway of what the hoboes call a "side-door Pullman" when the train started and mother stepped inside, unswung her knapsack, laid it on the floor of the car for a pillow and was about to take a little nap. A voice from the darkness at the far end of the box-car said something in pleasant tones and in another moment my mother returned to the sunlight of the open door, while a clean, decent-looking, young man introduced himself as a hobo. I was interested but a little dismayed to find an unexpected traveler in our private box-car, as I supposed it was. But he seemed to be a straightforward sort of a chap who had had quite a little experience on the road. It was my first opportunity to ask a well-informed person what the difference was between a hobo and a tramp and a bum, etc.

"A hobo," said the young man, who was on his way to the harvest fields of the Middle West, "might be described as a casual and migratory worker. As often as not, he is independent, a gentleman and more than ordinarily well versed in the ways of the world. Many hoboes are well educated and can discuss intelligently a great variety of subjects ranging from popular literature to philosophy.

"The tramp," he continued, "is something else again. Like the hobo, he is a traveler, but he contributes little or nothing to society. He never works when he can avoid it and he is quite content to live off the labor of others. Many tramps are predatory and, by nature, anti-social.

"The bum," my informant told me, "has even less to recommend him to the world than the tramp. He, like the tramp, is an anti-social non-worker, a sort of social barnacle that affixes himself to a community and changes his locale as infrequently as possible. More often than not he is a defeated man, entirely lacking in ambition or gumption and is ignorant and vulgar.

"Where do vagrants and panhandlers fit into the social scheme?" I asked my fellow traveler, explaining that I had heard what I used to call "bums" sometimes called by those names.

"A vagrant," said my hobo friend, "is technically, merely a person without visible means of support. That is a definition which can be found in the vagrancy laws of every State in the Union. A hobo may, at times, find himself cast in the role of vagrant and I suppose that most tramps and bums are vagrants all the time. The term, however, is one too loosely used by the general public. The average person thinks of a vagrant as a shabbily-dressed beggar when, as a matter of fact, there are hundreds of well-dressed persons with their pockets full of money who are vagrants.

"The panhandler," he explained, "is simply a man who asks another person for money. The down-and-outer who stops you on the street and asks for the price of a meal, or a cup of coffee is a panhandler. Most tramps are panhandlers and practically all bums manage to keep alive by panhandling. Panhandling is begging.

"And there is one other very important classification," the hobo added, smiling, "the 'mission stiff,' a social parasite common in the large cities and bigger towns. He is a bum who sells his soul as often as is necessary to keep his stomach full and provide him a place to get in out of the wind and weather.

"What do you mean, 'sells his soul'? I asked."

"Oh the 'mission stiff' hasn't any religion, but he lives off the missions by playing the part of a convert who has 'seen the light' from the depths of poverty and wickedness. He straggles into a mission service and when the minister or 'sky pilot', as we call him, asks who wants to be saved, he sticks up his hand. Then the 'mission stiff' rattles on, telling how he was once a breaker of the laws of man and God and felt no shame for the way he lived. But now, having heard the glorious words of the preacher, he wants to change his ways of life and become a Christian.

"This is hailed with great joy by the 'sky pilot', who asks him to remain after the audience has left. He is told that he can sleep in the mission, or he is provided with a bed somewhere outside and three square meals, and for a week or two he lives in comfort, but is expected to attend the meeting every night and tell how he was brought to Divine grace, and how much better he feels since he listened to the words of the preacher and has reformed his ways. When he has been used as much as is desirable, he moves on to another mission and goes through the same program."

This interesting and informative conversation, carried on while our "side-door Pullman" rattled over the rails, led me to ask many other questions of my chance acquaintance who seemed so well versed in the ways of vagabonding.

Nothing in any of my classes in the New York university where I am a co-ed had ever told me any of these things. I doubted if any professor on the faculty could have supplied this information or passed an examination on the difference between a hobo and a bum, a panhandler and a tramp. So my journey was to be of some educational value—I had already acquired some interesting knowledge not supplied in any college class.

Furthermore, mother and I both felt considerably reassured. Here we had met a young chap who seemed to be clean-cut and straightforward. He was a hobo and was beating his fare on the railroad in a freight car, but this was not a very terrible moral delinquency—in fact, mother and I were doing the same thing. This young man was actually on his way to work; he was headed for the agricultural regions of the Middle West to take a job as a farm hand. This seemed to establish him as a rather serious-minded person who was certainly not a bum and could hardly be called a tramp or a vagrant. Here, then, we had a fairly good example of a hobo; a rather self-respecting, well-clothed, respectably clean person who was willing to work at times but did not feel the inclination or have the money to spare to pay railroad fares. We decided that there was nothing to be feared from a hobo, if we behaved ourselves and inspired the feeling of respect which we now felt we could depend on.

We had some unpleasant experiences before we finished our 8,000-mile trip and these I will speak of later on. But they were not experienced at the hands of any professional hoboes. Mother and I discussed the distinguishing differences between various types of Knights of the Road, as explained to us by our friend of the box-car, after we had parted.

Of course, my mother pointed out, nobody can get along forever without any cash in his pocket. There must be times when they haven't a cent and yet they just must get hold of a dollar or two.

"Then they become beggars, I suppose," I replied.

"Yes," said mother, "that's all very well, but it isn't always easy for a man to get money from begging. I've often seen beggars repulsed."

So, as we pondered this subject, I kept my eye open for the first opportunity to acquire some knowledge about begging, just as I had managed to absorb some information from the man in the box-car about the different kinds of Knights of the Road.

We had arrived on the outskirts of a city at dusk one day, after a long ride on the back of a motor truck. We were tired, hungry and entirely out of money—we had frittered away that $50 in what we afterwards found out were utterly needless expenses.

We dropped off the truck in what looked to us the poorer section of the city and walked perhaps a half mile when we met a shabbily dressed man whom we took to be a hobo. He was; and also he was something of an artist in panhandling. We told the man that we were making our way to the Pacific Coast and were hungry and out of money; and asked him if he could direct us to a cheap restaurant where we might get a little something to eat for the asking.

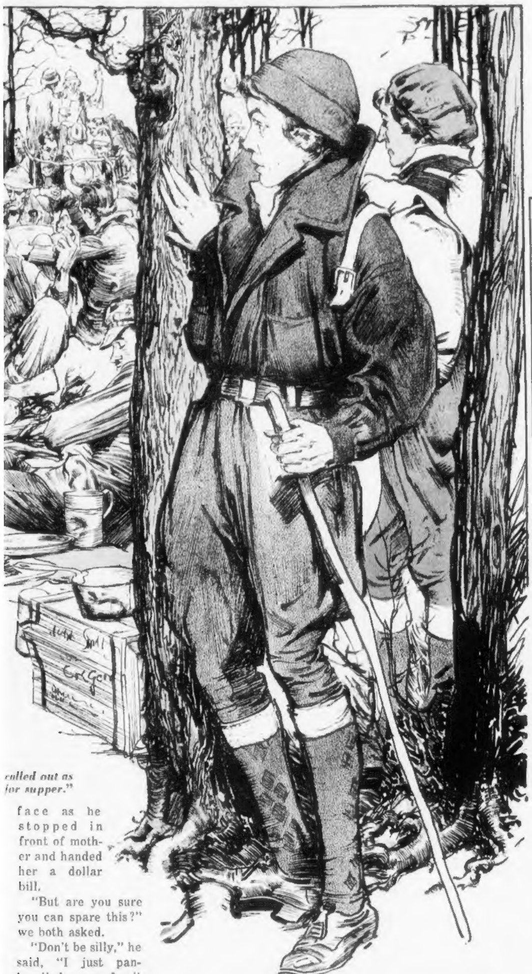
"You wait right here on this corner," said the man with perfect confidence. "And I'll see what I can do for you."

He walked rapidly down the street and disappeared around the corner. We took off our knapsacks and sat down on some steps. It could not have been more than twenty minutes before the man returned with the same confident step and we supposed he had been to some restaurant, explained our desperate need and arranged for a free meal.

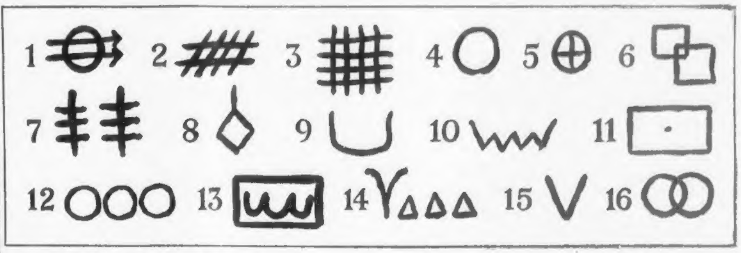
But to our surprise a smile spread over his

About Hoboes—

Miss Jane Pepston, a New York College Girl, Tells Her Experiences With Tramps, Beggars and "Knights of the Road," and How She Got Free Meals, Lodgings and Rides on Her 8,000-Mile Trip Across the Country and Back



called out as for supper."



The American Hoboes' Alphabet of Secret Signs, and What They Mean on Fences, Gate Posts, Trees and Water Tanks.

1—Means That Two Men Have Left Town Together, Traveling in Direction Indicated by Arrows.
2—Explains That Hoboes Are Not Welcome in the Neighborhood, and Will Be Put to Work on the Rock Pile.
3—This Sign Means Exactly What It Depicts—the Bars of a Jail.
4—Means "Out," or "Get Out," the Town Offers Poor Pickings for Hoboes.
5—This Sign Means That the Town Itself Is No Good for Hoboes, but That the Christian Missions Are Kindly Disposed Toward Wanderers.
6—Linked Squares Mean That the Community Is a Good Place for Hoboes to Make Connections With Other Hoboes.
7—Twin Crosses With Three Bars on Each Cross Mean That All the Ministers and Heads of Missions in Town Are Disposed to Help Migratory Visitors.
8—The Pendulum Indicates That the Citizens of the Town Swing Back and Forth in Their Attitude Toward Hoboes—Sometimes Kindly, Other Times Unfriendly.
9—Represents Two Rails and a Cross Tie—a Railway Terminal, or "Division Point"—a Good Place to Board Trains in Several Directions.
10—This Sign Represents Teeth—The Police or Town Officers Are Hostile to Tramps.
11—In Hobo Lingo This Means That the "Calaboose," or Jail, Is Alive With Cooties and Vermin.
12—Three O's Mean That a Town Is Triply No Good. Hoboes Should Keep on Moving.
13—Means That the Community Is Big-Hearted and a Good Place for Hoboes.
14—Food Is to Be Had for the Asking, and All Classes Are Equally Disposed to Be Tolerant of the Wandering Tribe.
15—Means "O. K.," or Very Good—The Townspeople Are Kindly Disposed to Hoboes and Tramps.
16—Best Results Are Secured When Two Hoboes Travel Together. The Town Isn't Much Good for a Lone Hobo.

Miss Jane Pepston and Her Mother, Mrs. Fannie Pepston, Riding on a Truck Which Happened to Be Going in the Same Direction They Wanted to Go.

face as he stopped in front of mother and handed her a dollar bill.

"But are you sure you can spare this?" we both asked.

"Don't be silly," he said, "I just panhandled a guy for it and if you don't mind, I'd like to have a bite with you."

So the three of us went to a cheap restaurant which he knew of and we got good value for considerably less than the dollar. The menu was, of course, simple—corned beef hash, boiled potatoes, bread(or in hobo language—"punk") and a huge bowl of coffee, holding about the equivalent of three ordinary-size coffee cups. It was coarse food but plenty of it and nourishing and cost fifteen cents each. There are plenty of restaurants where a satisfying meal can be had for fifteen or twenty cents, including menus of corned beef hash, or beef stew, or pork and beans.

The air of assurance with which our hobo friend started off down the street to get some money and shortly returned with a dollar led me to think that he would, perhaps, be a good source of information as to how panhandlers or beggars do their work. After our three quite satisfactory fifteen-cent meals, and mother found she had fifty-five cents left out of that dollar, we strolled along and finally sat down by the roadside together.

"Tell me," I said, "can you always be sure of getting some money by panhandling when you need it?"

"Oh, sure, lady; never failed yet," said our amiable friend. "Of course, it's like any business, you got to know your trade. And some artists are better than others in this line."

"But if money is so easy to get why don't you keep busy and make a day of it and have a pocketful?" my mother asked.

"Well, lady," he replied, "in the first place, me wants are very simple. I eats moderate and mostly sleeps free. As I does me own washin' and carry no clothes except what's on me back, I've no expense for much of an outfit."

"But if you had more money you would have more comforts," I suggested.

"Yeah, but to get more money would mean more work panhandling. I'm satisfied with my eats and sleeps and clothes. Why should I take the time and bother to rustle around for money that I don't need?"

"But I have read in the papers of beggars who had quite fat bank accounts and yet kept right on wearing threadbare clothes and begging."

"Them is misers," he declared. "They get no satisfaction out of life like I do. But they get to be very experienced and smart about panhandling.

"There's a good deal to learn about the business," he continued. "In the first place we keep away from big men and thin women. Big men feel kind of superior because of their height and bulk and this feeling doesn't make them loosen up towards beggars. Those big, bulky men are not afraid when they see a man coming up to them and are more than likely to turn him down with some sharp talk.

"Thin women are usually sour on the world and pretty crusty. More often than not they throw the panhandler a cold look and don't stop long enough for him to start in on his talk.

"Old men," he went on, "are almost as poor prospects as hatchet-faced women, but for a different reason. Old men have mostly had a share of the ups and downs of life. When they see a panhandler coming up they say to themselves, 'This beggar has had as much chance to pile up a little money as I had and if he has fooled it away or drank it away, that's his fault and it ain't up to me to make it up to him.'

"The best prospect for a quarter of a dollar is a young woman or a middle-aged woman inclined to be fat. They seldom refuse to give a panhandler at least the price of a meal or a cup of coffee. But the best prospect of all is a young man with a young woman, especially if the couple are not married. No young man wants to look mean and hard-hearted in the eyes of the young woman who is with him. So the chap usually opens up and hands out not less than half a dollar and sometimes a good deal more, so his girl will get the idea that he's prosperous and kind-hearted. As a general rule, we find women are better prospects than men. The regular lingo is, after taking off your hat, to say: 'Pardon me, lady, I'm hungry and I wonder if you can spare the price of a meal.'

"Oh, yes," the man continued, "panhandling is all right. It's a sure thing if you know your business. I can always get a half a dollar or a dollar inside of half an hour when I need it. I know people who work all day at it and go home with quite a pocketful of money every night. The cities are the great hang-outs for panhandlers and beggars. There are probably 25,000 or 30,000 panhandlers working in New York City these Winters. The talk about unemployment makes times better for beggars and panhandlers than they ever have been before."

As it was now quite dark and mother and I were thoroughly tired, we said goodnight to our kind friend and hunted up a "flop house." This is a place where a lodger can "flop" on a cot or a mattress for twenty-five cents for the night. The fifty-five cents remaining from the dollar provided for us by the panhandler paid for two lodgings and left us with a capital of five cents in the morning.

Some of the flop houses in which we slept during our trip were a little offensive to the nose and not overclean. But the poorest of them managed to supply each guest with clean sheets and a clean pillow-slip. This doesn't mean, of course, that the mattress beneath the sheet is not inhabited by crawling and biting creatures, especially cooties, which the hobo calls "crumbs." It is difficult to keep mattresses used by all kinds and conditions of people free from such pests. And yet, only once did I have the misfortune to entertain cooties on my person and I quickly rid myself of them by taking a bath and, as the hoboes say, "boiling up" my clothes in a five-gallon kerosene can hung over a fire I built in the woods.

The hobo, tramp, or bum, used to the dangers, great and small, of the vagabond life knows ingenious little ways of keeping free of cooties. When he spends the night in a flop house he invariably takes off his underwear and hangs it up, off the floor. When he gets up in the morning he gives himself a "dry bath" by rubbing his body with a clean towel, or any other piece of clean cloth at hand, to remove any cooties that may be on him. Then he puts on his clothes. I have known hoboes who carry a small bottle of kerosene with them to use as an insecticide in case of emergency.

Almost everybody has heard about the mysterious signs hoboes and tramps are supposed to chalk up on fences, gate posts and water-tanks along the road. I had never seen any of these sign-language notifications until we had covered a good many miles on our journey. And then we began to see some queer-looking symbols, which, of course, we could not interpret because we had no hobo dictionary.

In front of one gate post we stopped and looked at something scratched in chalk, and we debated whether it meant "look out for the dog" or "kind-hearted woman lives here."

Later on we were given the key to these secret symbols. Most of them seemed to be painted or chalked in or near railroad freight yards, and a favorite place is a water tank alongside the railroad tracks or the highway. Hoboes always keep their eyes open for conspicuous objects like a water tank which may have some important message for them.

There are a great variety of these signs. Some of them are very widely used and are known to all Knights of the Road, while others are rarely found and seem not to be understood except by the veterans.

One simple sign, an arrow, chalked on a fence or gate post informs other wanderers of the kind of reception they may expect at this farm or homestead. If the arrow points up, that means that some hungry traveler had been given a meal there and that the chances are good that other hoboes will be treated with kindness and generosity. But if the arrow points down, a hobo does not waste his time knocking at the back door. He knows that some previous traveler has tried his luck for a hand-out of food and has had an experience which makes him think it worth while to record it in the sign language of the hobo for the benefit of others who pass that way. Elsewhere on this page is an abridged tramps' dictionary of some of the secret signs and their meaning. These little drawings were explained

Continued on Page 1[illegible].

Remarkable Old Roman Mosaics Just Unearthed in England

Discoveries in Long Buried Verulam Which Show It Had Artistic Villas, Temples, Public Baths, a Real Theatre and All the Luxuries of Imperial Rome When London Was Only a Trading Post for the Native Savages

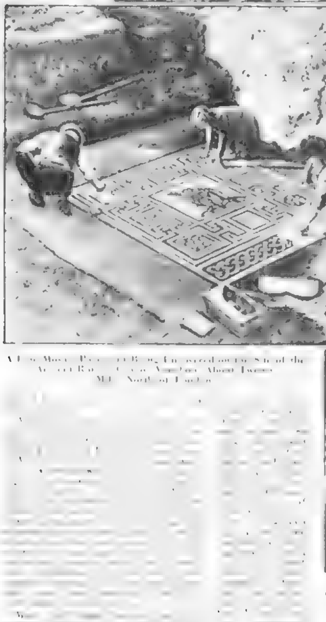
A Closer View of the Face in the Mosaic Pavement Shown Below—Probably a Representation of Pan, the God of the Fields and Forests

A Pleasant After[illegible] noon at a Roman Villa, From the Painting by the European Artist, Gustav Boulanger. The Scene Shown Might Have Occurred as Well in Ancient Britain as in Rome, With the Dancer Some Fair-Haired Daughter of the Semi-Savage Britons or the Other Tribes Which Dwelt Around the Cities of Their Highly Civilized Roman Conquerors

A[illegible]

[illegible] of them were free [illegible]

[illegible] Verulam [illegible] Pan [illegible] have been [illegible]



A F[illegible] Mos[illegible] P[illegible] Being Uncovered on the Site of the Ancient Ro[illegible] [illegible] M[illegible] North of London

Workmen Excavating a Roman Villa on the Site of Verulam. Part of Another Fine Mosaic Pavement Is Shown in the Foreground.

[illegible] of P[illegible]

[illegible] all iniquities and steadily corrupting

[illegible] were not so imported, the colonists in Britain used

[illegible] their [illegible] home-land. There was an [illegible] court with usually a fountain and a garden. The front was columned [illegible] Britain were like those they had left behind, so were their manners and

[illegible] They lived well and en[illegible] But they were a harder [illegible] generally much more [illegible] than those who re[illegible] [illegible] Roman [illegible]

[illegible] thing, although they were [illegible] most of [illegible] the patron god of [illegible] knowled[illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] of Mithras were underground [illegible] So striking was [illegible] between Mithraism and [illegible] fathers of [illegible] Church commented upon it.

It is probable that relics of the religion will be found at Verulam which will throw more light upon its puzzlingly familiar rites and belief.

[illegible] Mithraism taught [illegible] but [illegible] wicked [illegible]

[illegible] the Romans were great bathers. They had their public baths in all their British cities, and it is not improbable that the modern Englishman's insistence [illegible] from the Roman [illegible] dirty slaves, workers or [illegible] around them than they would have [illegible] dirty themselves. They had [illegible] to four hundred years to teach the Britons the virtue of the bath, and the [illegible] even after the teacher [illegible] The early Christians, on the other hand, thought that everything the Romans did was wicked, and because they liked bathing so well it must, therefore, be doubly wicked. So they seldom, if ever, washed themselves thoroughly.

The [illegible] of the [illegible] Roman mosaics [illegible] found in [illegible] One regular type was called by the Romans "Opus Alexandrinum," and was mainly composed of porphyry [illegible] and finest [illegible] delicacy of [illegible] able to expect [illegible]

[illegible] work of [illegible]

[illegible] Christ [illegible] it in a [illegible] fashion. When they had not [illegible] time or energy for total destruction of such artistic treasures, they at [illegible] left no statue unmutilated and no picture undefaced.

Of the Vandals, whose name has become synonymous for wanton destruction, he says:

"They took [illegible] the [illegible] that they went out of their way to [illegible]

"After they [illegible] overlord [illegible] and Africa (modern Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia) they gradually came to appreciate the value and convenience of public baths, basilicas and colonnades. But they had every statue smashed to atoms, had every square inch of mosaic and fresco hacked from the walls of the buildings they spared, and covered every wall with a blank expanse of plaster, stucco or whitewash.

"They could worship only when undistracted by a glimpse of beauty, and made the interiors of their churches as forbidding [illegible] as whitewash could achieve."

The Saxon [illegible] did exactly the same thing to Verulam and the Roman cities of Britain.

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A Dog That Won $50,000

Photograph of the Two Leaders in a British Dog Derby. A Dummy Rabbit Is Run Along in Front of the D

Mrs. Kempton, of Wimbledon, Near London, Photographed With the Wonder Dog "Mick the Miller."

The World's Most Valuable Greyhound, "Mick the Miller," and His Two Years' Earnings in Money, Besides Many Cups and Trophies

"Mick the Miller" Looking With Interest at Some of the Cups and Trophies He Has Won in Addition to the Cash Prizes

The "Trap" Where the Dogs Are Held Until the Dummy Rabbit Starts Over the Track. The Imitation Rabbit Is Operated Electrically and As It Starts the Dogs Are Released to Pursue It.

Miss Ann Kempton, Daughter of the Owners of the Dog, and the Valuable Pet.

"Mick" Viewed From Behind and Showing His Long Legs, Narrow Body and Unusually Long Tail. This Remarkable Dog Is a Mongrel and Boasts of No Pedigreed Ancestry.

LONDON, D[illegible]

P[illegible]

[illegible] £4,000 [illegible] wondering [illegible] after that, Mr. [illegible] of his wife, bought Mick the Miller and paid $10,000 for [illegible]

But Mrs. Kempton has never had to [illegible] for [illegible] prize alone, [illegible] the beginning of last year Mick [illegible] won in aggregate of $30,000, to [illegible] not one of which his owner and her [illegible] to have won in bets. This [illegible] wonder [illegible] greyhound won the Derby in 1930 again and brought in [illegible] prize money $7,500 [illegible] that one race.

Mick was sent down to Walton-on-Thames where he was put under the [illegible]

[illegible] electric hare [illegible] what is expected of him [illegible] excuse for his running against the other dogs.

Then he [illegible] He has never forgotten [illegible] of them the previous night and [illegible] met him at breakfast.

The coveted position on the track [illegible]

[illegible]

Here is an astonishing point about Mick's diet. He never [illegible]

[illegible]

Like racehorses, greyhounds have a [illegible]

[illegible] suffered from broken toes [illegible] many [illegible]

The House Next Door By Burton S[illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

P [illegible]

“I ask [illegible] to leave at once,” said Carnevali in a louder [illegible] questions to ask [illegible] call us to [illegible] But get out of my house.

CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued)

M [illegible]

[illegible] you might prefer to have them [illegible]

[illegible] “No. My second.”

“Naturally, since I am a [illegible]”

[illegible] “How could that be?” [illegible]

“I never have been,” answered Madame Carnevali, [illegible]

“Exactly,” broke in Godfrey. “And yet here is this hairpin.”

[illegible]

CHAPTER XX.

Sinister Home Coming.

THE forbidding face which Chunder turned upon us when we were finally shown [illegible] to him made me think that [illegible] was right. We had been held up at the door [illegible] some moments, and I had the impression that the other [illegible] had been with Chunder, [illegible]

[illegible] “I believe you sold some rugs to the Carnevalis about a month ago,” said Godfrey.

“That is so.”

[illegible]

“No. I sent them [illegible] to choose from.”

“What was done with those they did not buy?”

“They were brought back here, and afterwards sent in to New York.”

“All of them?”

“I [illegible] we retained one or two to [illegible] here.”

“Thank you,” said Godfrey. “Good evening.” And he led the way from the room.

No word was exchanged [illegible] us until we were in [illegible] and headed back toward the police station.

“I wonder!” he said at last. “I wonder if I was as cryptic as I thought I was! Perhaps Chunder understood [illegible] me.”

“Well, I don't understand,” said Simmonds. [illegible]

“I am not so sure of [illegible] I was,” Godfrey answered [illegible] “but it [illegible] that the hairpin fell on the rug [illegible] it was at Carnevali's house and got caught in the nap, and has been there ever since. It was caught in firmly, for Lester had some trouble getting it out.”

[illegible]

“Well,” he began, “is the grand confrontation [illegible]? I am free to go now, I hope.”

“Not just yet,” said Godfrey. “There are a few things we should like to know first.”

“To the deuce with them!” said Charles. “Call me into court if you want to ask any more questions.”

“Oh,” said Godfrey, [illegible] “Why did [illegible] you in Rome ten years ago?”

Charles stared at him for a moment and then turned away with a contemptuous [illegible] of the shoulder.

“Why didn't Carnevali kill you in Rome ten years ago?” Godfrey repeated.

“You mean because of the gossip? But do you know Rome? Anything starts gossip there. The official and society set in Rome is composed of the meanest, most contemptible, most vindictive lot of human beings who exist anywhere on earth.”

“I should think that description would apply better to Paris,” Godfrey observed. “But let it go. You admit that there was gossip?”

“Yes—and I deny that there was any real basis for it outside of a few people's diseased imagination.”

“Nevertheless,” said Godfrey, “you compromised a woman, and I am surprised that her husband [illegible]

[illegible] “Godfrey,” [illegible]

[illegible] “I think it would be a good deal [illegible]

[illegible] “She looked [illegible] before he went away.” [illegible]

As we [illegible] to the porch at this side, Godfrey stopped [illegible]

“See those two lighted windows over there?” he asked. “They are evidently the windows in the dining room at Carnevali's. It must have been from one of them that Madame Carnevali saw the unknown in gray stepping down from the porch here.”

(Continued on Page 15)

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"ROLL YOUR OWN"

Good Time

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Peggy Drane [illegible] with the [illegible] of London [illegible] Peter Grant, a [illegible] playwright. [illegible] the good time she has [illegible] all her life. [illegible]

Peter [illegible] moody and [illegible] and Tony persistent. Peggy has [illegible] at the [illegible] and [illegible] her [illegible]. It is her first [illegible] and she is thrilled.

At a party given by Julia, Peter [illegible] Tony tell Peggy he loves her. Julia sees the expression on the playwright's face and realizes that Peggy he really loves. Warning Peter to look after his secretary more carefully, Julia [illegible] suicide.

Peter shows Peggy a cable from New York suggesting he is needed to supervise the [illegible] of one of his plays there, and tells her they sail in the morning. It is only three days before their contract ends and she objects, not wishing to leave London and Tony. After a stormy scene with Peter she telephones the actor. He refuses to break a luncheon engagement and talk with her.

Tony does not come to the boat to see her off. He wires apologies and his love, however, but Peggy is vaguely annoyed at the vague way he signs the telegram "T." instead of "Tony."

Peggy enjoys the life on shipboard and the choice spirits at their table—Wheeler Overman, Bill Pease and his wife, Grace Anning, [illegible] Spotswood. Wheeler Overman, a real estate dealer from Chicago, offers her a job as his assistant and she promises to think it over.

"Peter, what a trick to play!" Peggy Exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Disquieting Discovery.

INNOCENTLY but with a purpose, Grace Anning suggested the boat deck. She had seen Peggy and Overman come down the stairs. Peter agreed and held her coat while she slipped into it. When her arms were halfway through the sleeves, she remembered a funny story she had heard in Paris, and she paused to tell it to him, looking back laughingly into his face, her head near his, her slender body leaning backward against him. Peter caught the fragrance of her. The joke took a long time to tell.

"The dizzy blonde doing her stuff," murmured a passing American to his friends.

"Oh, he's pretty hard-boiled," said the other, taking a quick look at Peter.

"Yeah, but you can never tell at sea," said the first. "The sea gets them all. All kinds and sexes!"

When the joke was finished, and Grace Anning had snuggled into her coat, they went up on the boat deck.

"I'm going to stay in New York till your play comes on, Peter," Grace said, her back to the rail.

"That's very nice of you. I hope you won't regret it." His eyes were on the water, pink in the light from the portholes.

"I know I shan't. I'm going to enjoy every moment of it."

"It won't be on for a week yet," he reminded her.

"As if that mattered." Her face laughed at him in the darkness. "I'd wait a month if necessary."

He thought that her finishing in Paris had been very thorough.

"You wouldn't like to tell me the story of the play, Peter?"

"Spare me that!" He laughed. "I'm too old at the game to get any kick out of that!"

"Old!" Her teeth gleamed white near his face. "You're just a delightful age. And that touch of grey in your hair. Oh, boy! That makes you so interesting."

"Interesting! Good heavens!"

"To women, Peter. To women."

He took his eyes away from the sea, and peered at her. This knowing, assured American girl amused him.

"And when you come to California to do the filming of your play," she said, "I'd like you to stay with us at our home. Mother and father would be delighted to have you."

She had it all cut and dried. When he went to California! He had never thought of it.

"Thanks, Grace. I'd love to, but there's not much chance of my doing that."

"Aren't they going to film your play?"

"I can't say till the play comes on."

"Of course they will. And they'll do it in Hollywood. And you'll come out on a visit, and stay with us. It's all arranged, Peter. Don't spoil it now."

Grace shivered and moved closer to Peter's side. It was a warm, cloudy night.

"Gee, I'd like to act in the movies, Peter."

It seemed to him that somewhere in his life he had heard the remark before.

"Do you think I'd be any good?" she asked hopefully.

"Well, you certainly look good," he said truthfully.

"You really think so, Peter?"

"I do."

"Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if I could get into the movies! And maybe some day——" she caught her breath at the prospect—"maybe some day I might play in one of your plays! Think of it, Peter. Wouldn't that be marvelous?"

"Marvelous."

She went off at a tangent.

"I'd be good as a vamp, I think. Don't you?"

"Very good as a vamp," he agreed with conviction.

"Oh, I'm so glad you say so. That encourages me. I do value your opinion."

"It doesn't count for much."

"It means a lot to me. I'm so glad you think I'll be a good vamp."

The water lapped against the ship. The low, rhythmic throb of the engines was like far-off music.

"Do you think I could vamp you, Peter?" Grace said quietly.

"I hadn't thought much about it," he replied easily. "But I almost think you could."

"Meaning—I couldn't! I know that tone, Peter. You really think you're invulnerable."

"Good heavens, I think nothing of the kind. I don't know that I think anything about it."

He was amusedly irritated with her. He looked on her more as a girl than a woman—she could only have been twenty and he indulged her as he would a child. But the business of vamping was a business for more matured people. And he had already noticed that she was interested in several of the ship's officers — a definite indication of immaturity.

"Well, suppose we go to the night club and dance, Peter," she suggested. "I might try my stuff on you there!"

"But why the night club?"

"You know: soft music, lights, dancing and that kind of thing. That's the environment for a vamp, surely."

He laughed aloud.

"This sea air is going to your head, Grace."

"You are mean," she said frankly.

"I'd like to dance with you."

"Do then."

"But not tonight. I want to start working tomorrow morning. I've been lazing long enough. And I want to have a clear head for the job."

She pouted in the dark, but he did not see her. Letting a little thing like work interfere with the serious game of vamping. Peter was a child!

"Tomorrow night, then?"

"All right," he agreed. "Tomorrow night."

They went down shortly afterwards. As they passed through the lounge, they could hear the band playing a waltz in the club. Wheeler Overman stood neglected near the door. Peter transferred Grace Anning to his charge and walked downstairs . . .

For the first time on board ship Peggy woke before nine o'clock. She sat up, pressed the bell for her steward and, feeling alive again, made a resolution. Through the window she could see the sea sparkling in the morning sunshine.

Breakfast and then work. That was the program.

Peter would have to agree to it. She would see that he did. After all, this was not a holiday. It was a job of work. He had said she was necessary to him in America, and forced her to come under the terms of their agreement. The cable from New York with its bad tidings about the play was the sole reason for the journey. The play had to be worked on.

And they had loafed away three precious days and nights as if they had been setting out on a joy ride round the world. Peter had positively shunned work, and she had hardly given it a thought after the initial impulse to justify her existence on the first morning.

She bathed quickly and sat down to breakfast in her dressing-gown.

When she had finished and dressed she went into the sitting room. Peter was not there. She rearranged the flowers in the vases and took the cover off the typewriter. Then she picked up the small case of letters and telegrams she had tried to tackle on the first day, and spilled them on the table.

She lit a cigarette and shuffled the papers into a pile, separating the letters from the telegrams, the business notes from the personal, the important letters from the relatively unimportant. Once these were disposed of, the field would be clear for Peter to get on with the play.

The red-and-white cable from America that had brought them speeding across the ocean caught her eye. There was no further use for it. Peter would be cabling New York or talking to it on the telephone.

She glanced at the cable once more, intending to tear it in two and pitch it in the waste basket.

Am worried about the play. Rehearsals going badly. Suggest you make quick trip across if at all possible. Cable me as soon as you can.

It had come at a fateful hour for her. A few days later and she would have been out of Peter's service. A few days later and perhaps Tony . . . perhaps Tony . . . She did not know. Anyhow, it had separated her from Tony. At least for the time being.

What a stroke of luck for Peter that it came when it did. Not luck because she was of much use to him. But luck because he could impose his will on her. He had made the most of his opportunity. Funny to think how a few days would have made such a difference to her life.

Her eye took in the date of the cable and remained fixed. It ought to have been the 27th of August, 1930. It was quite clearly the 8th of April, 1927.

The cigarette went out as she gazed at the red-and-white slip of paper in her hand. The cable that Peter had used to force her to remain in his service was more than three years old. It had not arrived the day before the liner sailed; it had been sent three years before. There had been no need to catch the ship. There had been no need to come to America at all.

The door of Peter's room clicked behind her. She turned around. Peter stood there smiling. He saw the expression on her face and his eye went swiftly to the cable in her hand.

He came into the room.

"I meant to destory that cable," he said.

"When? Three years ago?" Her voice was cool and even.

"Is it as old as that?" He thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and whistled the first bar of a popular song. Then he broke off. "Yes, it must be quite three years old."

"It's dated April, 1927."

"I don't know why I didn't destroy it at the time."

"But you're glad you didn't?"

"Very glad, Peggy. It came in very useful."

"It's about a previous play, I suppose?"

"A thing called 'Some Men Aren't.' That was the title of it. A fool title, I thought at the time. And do so now. Don't you?"

She said quietly: "And you used the cable again to get me to come here with you?"

"I did."

"As far as you know there's no hitch in 'Romantic Lady'."

"None whatever—except that last act. We both think it's rotten, don't we?"

She ignored his question.

"And there's no reason why we should be going to America now?"

"There are a variety of reasons," he said, still smiling gently, "but I'm not going to tell you them now."

"But not one of them has anything to do with the play opening in New York?"

"Not one of them."

"Peter, what a trick to play!" Peggy exclaimed.

He clicked the coins in his pockets.

"The prisoner ate a hearty breakfast," he said, trying to win a smile into her troubled eyes. "Don't take it so seriously, Peggy."

She turned quickly away from him.

"Oh, Peter, I didn't think you'd do this."

"I can do worse than that!"

He came across the room. She could feel him standing close behind her.

"It isn't so bad, Peggy."

She kept her head away from him. He touched her lightly on the elbow.

"What's so terrible about it?"

She said in a dull voice: "If you can't see that, I can't show you."

"Well, I don't see it." His grip on her arm tightened. "I've got you to come to America with me. That's all."

"You used this trick to do it."

He chuckled, almost against her ear. The sound of his amusement angered her suddenly. She swung round.

"This dirty trick!" she flashed. "Because you knew I wouldn't come of my own free will."

Peter dropped her arm and walked slowly away from her. Under her brows she saw his face. It had grown suddenly tired.

She had hurt him. She wanted to hurt him again.

"I didn't think you'd use a lie to get what you wanted. A mean lie!"

His blue eyes regarded her steadily.

"I suppose it was a mean lie," he said at last.

"You know it was."

He nodded slowly, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I suppose you could call it a mean lie."

He walked quietly about the room, his head bent. After a minute of silence he jerked up his head.

"You haven't been on deck this morning, have you?"

"No, I haven't," Peggy said stiffly.

"Why not go up now? It's a lovely morning. It'll do you a world of good."

"You mean I'll get over the shock of the discovery that way?"

"You'll get a better sense of values, I think."

"I'll forget all that you've done? Is that the idea? The sunshine and the sea will work marvels?"

"They might help you see that it's no use worrying about things now. We're in the middle of the Atlantic, and you can't turn back. And we don't want to rag each other like this. I hate it."

She stared at him in misery.

"What's the use of going on deck, Peter? You can't wipe this out like that? Can't you see that?"

"Perhaps," he said quietly, "I see more than you think. I don't really want to discuss this. It just makes the whole business more uncomfortable. We can't do any good by going over the same ground."

"But, Peter, don't you see? Don't you realize that I want to know why you did it? To me? When you knew how keen I was to stay in London?"

The lines about his mouth hardened.

"Were you very keen?"

"You know I was."

"Perhaps I wasn't so keen that you should stay in London."

"Well, obviously you weren't. But why should you go to this length to take me away from it?"

"This unnecessary trip across the Atlantic?"

"Yes."

"I thought it was very necessary."

She clasped her hands together in exasperation and her dark eyes flashed with resentment.

"You see, I thought it was about time I exercised the privilege of our arrangement," he said. "For the first time I insisted on your doing what I wanted you to do."

She tapped the carpet impatiently with her toe.

"But why?"

Peter smiled.

"Because you can't take care of yourself. That's why. I took it on myself to look after you!"

Suddenly Peggy became cool. Her eyes met his gaze.

"I suppose," she said very quietly, "I suppose you mean Tony?"

He was not confused.

"Yes, Tony had something to do with it."

"Just something?"

"He's only one person affecting many peoples' lives, Peggy. You can't put all the blame on him."

It was Peter's clever way of turning the tables.

"I'm not blaming Tony for anything," she said quickly. "I want to know why Tony upset you."

"He didn't upset me," he said coldly, "but you. And I'm determined that my secretary isn't going to be upset. It's bad for my work."

"You've done a terrible thing."

He smiled again. "Oh no, I haven't."

"You've taken me away from Tony. And—and—"

"Let me say it for you. And Tony loves you. Is that it?"

Peter's voice was even and controlled. As he spoke he drifted indifferently to the window and watched the sea. She could read nothing in his face. It was a complete mask.

"Yes," she answered in a low voice. "That is it."

Peter's attention wandered to the flowers in the vase on the table. He rearranged them before he spoke.

"This is going to sound very much like tales out of school," he said apologetically. "But I'm afraid you've got to have it, Peggy." He came over to her, and took her hand in his. "My dear, I hate saying it, but I know Tony quite well. I've known him a long time. But Tony can't help falling in love."

Peggy tried to take her hand away. Peter's closed more firmly on it.

"Please!" he said gently. "Let me say it now. I don't want to, but it's got to be. Tony's a delightful chap. We all know that. But falling in love is a periodic diversion with him. It sounds awful, and it isn't nearly so bad as it sounds. But it makes for a lot of uncertainty and sometimes a little unhappiness. And I don't want you to be unhappy."

"Peter! You've no right to say this." Peggy wrenched at her hand. Her pale face glowed with color.

"My dear." His voice was quiet and sympathetic. "I know how you feel. You want to pitch me overboard. I should if I were in your shoes. But I can't help that. That's why I brought you away. That's why I pretended the cable from America referred to the present play and not to the old one. I had to do it. It won't do anybody any harm. No, it won't! And it'll give us all a breathing space to see whether it's the old Tony at work or some brand new Tony."

"But, Peter, it's—it's—"

"Monstrous. And terrible. And quite beyond the pale. And all the rest of it. I know, Peggy. And I'm risking it." He went on tenderly: "But your happiness is quite an important thing. And I want to see you very happy. Very happy."

She got her hand free and pulled herself from him.

"Peter, I'll never forgive you for this," she panted.

He walked away from her.

"Don't say that."

"I do. I mean it."

"I'm doing this for your own good."

She laughed bitterly.

"Tony doesn't love you any more than he's loved half a dozen girls he's been attracted to in the past."

She made an angry movement to interrupt.

"Or the half-dozen girls he'll fall in love with in the future," Peter finished relentlessly.

Peggy bit her lip.

"Tony doesn't mean any harm," he went on, without looking at her. "He really believes in his mood. But the mood changes quite quickly, and Tony finds another girl to respond to the new mood. That's all. I wanted to save you the disappointment of finding all this out for yourself."

"That was very nice of you," she said frigidly.

"I don't expect you to take it calmly. You just don't know Tony. You haven't known him long enough."

"But supposing this time it was different, Peter?"

He shrugged his shoulders sympathetically.

"That would be an awful bloomer to make."

"I think you've made it."

"I know I haven't."

He crossed to the window again.

"It's marvelous on deck, Peggy. Why don't you go up?"

"All right. I shall. You've no need for me now. You've got what you wanted."

He made a gesture of dissent.

"And tomorrow ends our bargain definitely," she continued. "I'm not sorry at all now, Peter. I'm glad. And I shall never forgive you for what you've done. Or for what you've said about Tony. I don't believe a word of it."

He was looking at the blue sea sparkling in the sunlight.

"Not a word of it!" she said emphatically.

Peter did not turn round.

"I didn't expert you to." The dry smile even got into his words. "That's why I didn't risk telling you on land!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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For the New Year Dinner

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Clam Juice Cocktail.

TO 2 cups strained clam juice or bouillon add ⅓ cup catsup, 3 drops tabasco sauce, a few grains celery salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Chill and serve in chilled cocktail glasses.

Cauliflower with Hollandaise Sauce.

WASH cauliflower carefully and let soak head down a half hour or longer in cold salted water. Cook head down in boiling salted water for ½ hour or until soft. Drain, place in a hot serving dish and pour over Hollandaise or Mousselaine sauce.

Mousselaine Sauce.

MIX 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten, with ¼ cup cream, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, and the juice of ½ lemon. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Add 2 tablespoons butter, bit by bit, and when butter is melted pour over the cauliflower.

Roast Crown of Lamb with Sweet Potato Croquettes.

SELECT a large crown of lamb. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Wrap each bone in thin salt pork and cover pork with greased brown paper. Brown in rather hot oven. Reduce heat and cook about an hour and a half. Remove to large serving platter. Fill center with creamed peas and arrange a border of sweet potato rosettes or croquettes around the lamb.

Spiced Cranberry Jelly.

PICK over and wash 1 quart cranberries. Add 1 cup boiling water and boil until cranberries are soft. Rub through a sieve and add 2 cups sugar, ⅙ cup cold water, a small piece of cinnamon, 2 dozen whole cloves, and 3 allspice berries and simmer 15 minutes. Add a pinch of salt and turn into small individual molds. Chill.

Pear Salad.

ARRANGE canned pears on crisp romaine leaves. Sprinkle with finely chopped watercress and serve with Russian French dressing.

Parker House Rolls.

COMBINE 2 cups boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt and 3 tablespoons butter. Cool until lukewarm. Dissolve 1 teaspoon sugar in ¼ cup lukewarm water and add 2 yeast cakes. When softened add to the first mixture. Add 2 beaten eggs and stir in 4 cups sifted flour. Beat well. Then add about 3 cups flour and stir until well mixed. Graham flour may be substituted for part of the white flour. Cover and chill in ice box until about 3 hours before serving time. Then shape, arrange in buttered or greased pans, and allow to rise until about double in bulk, or about 2½ hours. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 425 degrees, for about 12 minutes. Brush with melted butter.

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What I Found Out About Hoboes

(Continued from Double Page)

to me by an old-timer who had been wandering over the roads and railroads for many years.

These secret signs are discussed and personal experiences exchanged in the various meeting places here and there across the country which are known as hobo "jungles." These jungles are really free camping grounds on the outskirts of cities and towns. The first jungle we came across was in Garrison, Mont.

I never shall forget our experience in the Garrison jungle, which is only a short distance from the freight yards there. We had arrived on the outskirts of the city aboard a truck and were walking into town when we saw a poorly dressed man carrying a big paper bag, evidently filled with food. Believing that he was a hobo and bound for the local jungle, we followed him and eventually came to a grove-like patch of scrubby woods about three-quarters of a mile from the freight yards.

"Shall we follow him any further?" I asked my mother, because, frankly, I was a little scared at the prospect of walking into a rendezvous of real Knights of the Road.

"Why not?" said my mother. "We're tired and hungry. We want to learn something of the life the real hobo leads, and we are sure to pick up some useful information about getting to the coast."

So we climbed through a barbed-wire fence and up a gentle slope which ended at the edge of the woods. We approached silently and with considerable misgivings, and as we peered out from behind the shelter of the trees, we saw a spectacle which we will never forget. Gathered about perhaps ten little campfires were, I should say, 50 men. Some of them were working over steaming cans of food slung over the fires on sticks or balanced on rocks piled chimney-like about the fires. Others were sitting on the ground drinking out of cans, talking quietly with their cronies or reading crumpled newspapers by the light of the crackling fires. Some of these Knights of the Road were hanging freshly washed clothes on lines dropped between some of the trees, and others were stretched at full length, rolled up in their blankets taking a little peaceful nap.

We were rather fascinated by our first glimpse of a real hobo jungle, but we hesitated about making ourselves known. As mother and I stood partly hidden behind the trees, considering whether we had not better silently retreat to the highway and trudge on to the city, one of the hoboes caught sight of us.

"Come right along, daughter," he called out, as his eyes met mine, "you're just in time for supper."

Two or three dozen heads turned in our direction and another said:

"Well, well, we seem to have guests tonight, boys—a couple of ladies. Come right in and make yourself at home, you're just in time to join us in the best batch of mulligan I've tasted in many a day." And as he spoke he reached toward us with a tin plate heaped with the savory-smelling food.

Another man, standing beside the nearest of the fires, smiled a welcome and beckoned to us to come in.

With some misgivings about accepting the invitation, we approached the man who had seen us first. He rose and shook hands with mother and me as graciously as a lord of the manor greeting a pair of duchesses. His kindly eyes, smiling at us through horn-rimmed spectacles, made us feel instantly that we were among friends.

"Take off those packs and sit down," he said, "and tell us who you are, where you dropped in from and where you're bound. It ain't often that we have the pleasure of having ladies dine with us."

Mother told our self-appointed host who we were, explained that we were taking a hobo jaunt from New York to California and back and that we had, less than an hour before, dropped off a truck, tired and hungry. She related frankly how we had found our way to the jungle.

"Either of you ever been in a jungle before?" asked the spokesman, as he dished us out generous portions of "mulligan" on tin plates.

We said that we hadn't and hoped we were not intruding.

"Now, don't you worry about that," said the bespectacled Knight of the Road. "Lady hoboes—we call 'em hoboettes—drop in on us now and again and we're mighty glad to have 'em.

"I remember, back a dozen years, a girl named Katherine Jackson, who beat her way half way around the world and was proud of being called 'the Queen of the Hoboes.' But there ain't many ladies traveling the roads and they're always welcome.

"In case you're a little leery of sittin' down with me and the boys here, let me tell you that the jungle is the safest place in the world for a woman. You're among friends. You couldn't be no better off in your own sittin' room, if you've got one."

It was about sundown when we went into Garrison's jungle, and we did not leave until after midnight. I never expect to spend a more unusual or interesting evening. Our host assured us that he could pick us out a nice, big tree to curl up under in our blankets, but we thought it best to keep moving. I'm sure that mother and I would have been perfectly safe sleeping in that wood with half a hundred worldly-wise, hard-bitten men, but we explained that we were in a hurry to get to the Coast and would like to catch a train before daylight.

Our hobo friend escorted us to the nearby freight yard warning us that the railroad "bulls" (police) in Garrison were not particularly friendly to travelers looking for berths in side-door Pullmans. He advised us to go into town, and even told us how to get to one of the better flop houses. We thanked him but did not take his advice. Before dawn we were rattling westward in a box-car, and we had an experience which I shall relate in detail next Sunday.

To really understand the hobo, it is necessary to fraternize with him "at home," that is, in the jungle. Some of them were what might be described as "tough looking," but they treated mother and me with almost exaggerated courtesy and tried in many little ways to put us at our ease. And they told us more about the hobo jungles around the country than we ever hoped to know.

We learned, for example, that most hoboes are really experts at "hashing up the mulligan," a phrase which covers the preparation and cooking of anything edible from the simplest of stews to fried chicken, Southern style. We found out that the average hobo is not the slovenly, physically unclean individual brought to mind by mention of the word "hobo." Washing clothes—or "boiling up," in the vernacular of the road—is an important part of jungle life. In fact, every established jungle from coast to coast and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, was chosen, not only because of its location beyond the city limits and its nearness to main highways and railroad lines, but also because it had a stream of fresh water for cooking and washing. There are, we are told, some seventy jungles between New York City and San Diego, California, stretching across the northern part of the country to Seattle and down the Pacific Coast to the southern part of California.

I was curious to know whether the police patrol the neighborhood of the jungle and if they sometimes clean up the hobo camping places by driving the drifters who call these places "home" out of the jungle and out of town.

"That don't happen often," said a gray-haired veteran of the road whom our friends affectionately called "Pop." "The police know that the real hobo is a good feller who ain't going to harm nobody, but just wants a chance to live the free-and-easy life that a lot of people would like to live if they could. They know he'll work as much as it's necessary to keep him going, and that he'll mind his own business.

"It's only when a town suffers an epidemic of panhandling by town bums—local 'no-goods'—or of robberies and killings that the cops, under pressure from the citizens, come into the jungle and make things uncomfortable for the hoboes.

"The cop who knows his business don't often look for a murderer, or a bank robber, in the jungle, because he knows that hoboes don't like such birds any better than other people do. The hoboes want to keep the jungle for themselves and they can't do that and stand for criminals. Crooks sometimes get into the jungle, but they don't stay long because it ain't healthy for 'em."

I mentioned that the jungle we were in looked more like a well-ordered park than a hobo camp and was told that one of the first laws of the jungle is cleanliness.

"That's only common sense," said one of the men gathered about the fire. "We show our appreciation for the use of our outdoor homes by keeping 'em up. If we were careless and sloppy the cops might kick us out, and they'd have a good right to.

"It's a jungle law," he went on, "that all cans, pots and pans must be stowed away as clean as they were found—and that's as clean as anyone could ask. The man who don't wash up his dishes is likely to find himself back on the road with a black eye for remembrance."

"But what about the—the sanitary arrangements," I asked timidly. "I should think——"

In words, at once plain and delicate, I was told that the "sanitary arrangements" are as nature made them, but always a good distance from the area where the hoboes cook, eat and wash themselves and their clothes. The hobo who so far forgets himself as to commit a nuisance within this area is punished as his colleagues see fit. Sometimes he is merely driven out of the place, and sometimes he may get a couple of teeth knocked out of his head to teach him a lesson in common decency.

Of course, it was a balmy evening and the stars were shining that night in the jungle—but what would the hoboes do if it came on to rain, we asked. If it is a shower, the hoboes huddle around the fire or beneath the trees and sometimes rustle around and get together some old boards to put up a temporary shelter to keep off the wet, we were told. In case of a bad storm, the bedraggled wanderers make their way to the nearby railroad yard and crawl into box-cars or huddle underneath the spreading eaves of some station or shed. Sometimes a farmer's barn is conveniently near and shelter is found in the hayloft.

I was interested to know how the hoboes enforce their code of laws. These wanderers along the highways have no more relish for the police or the courts than the crooks of the underworld. As the thieves and gangsters of the criminal classes settle their own scores and keep their mouths shut when the police try to investigate so, also, hoboes and tramps settle their own disputes and enforce their own penalties without involving themselves with the police.

Usually disputes are decided by a council around the campfire and the offender accepts the offhand opinion of the majority and endures the penalty without resistance. If the offense is a serious one, a real "kangaroo court," with a full jury box is arranged. The offender and the accuser are each allowed a "lawyer" and some venerable hobo sits as judge. Evidence is heard, arguments are made and if the hobo jury finds him guilty he may get anything from a good kick in the pants to a broken jaw at the hands of the plaintiff and often with the assistance of most of the jury.

What might be called the first law of the jungle has to do with theft. Petty thievery is, I was told, much less common in the jungle than in the world about it. And when, in a moment of weakness, some resident of the jungle steals from another and is caught, he is tried by a quickly formed "kangaroo court." The lightest sentence imposed by such a court is temporary banishment and loss of jungle privileges. The maximum sentence may be a stiff beating up from which the offender doesn't recover for a day or two.

Mother and I came out of the Garrison jungle and went on our vagabonding way, feeling that most hoboes have the instincts of gentlemen, for all their rough way of life, and are not the sneaking, thieving, anti-social nondescripts that the average "solid citizen" imagines them to be.

The unpleasant experiences we had during our 8,000-mile trip were not at the hands of hoboes, as I will explain next Sunday.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Nut Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal, Plain Omelet, Waffle Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit Juice, Creamed Codfish on Toast, Popovers, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Oatmeal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Bacon, Rolls, Coffee.	*(New Year's Day) Breakfast* Fruit, Whole Cereal, Sausage Balls, Buckwheat Cakes, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Plain Omelet, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Waffle Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Toast Strips, Baked Apples, Honey Cookies, Russian Tea.	*Luncheon* Tapioca and Salmon Croquettes, Creamed Peas and Carrots (Left-Overs), Waldorf Salad, Wafers.	*Luncheon* Cold Tongue, Delmonico Spinach or Broccoli, Fruit Trifle, Fruit Cake, Russian Tea.	*Luncheon* Cream of Broccoli Soup with Whipped Cream, Toast Stars, Date Cakes, Tea.	*Dinner* Crab Flake Cocktail, Consomme, Crown Roast of Lamb, Sweet Potato Croquettes, Cauliflower with Mousselaine Sauce, Mint Jelly, White Fruit Salad, Bar le Duc Dressing, Ice Cream, Janus Cake (Old and New Year), Nuts, Candies, Coffee.	*Luncheon* Cold Lamb, Favorite Spinach or Hot Cabbage Slaw, Potato Biscuit, Apple Tarts, Hot Fruit Punch or Tea.	*Dinner* Grapefruit and Lime Cocktail, Chicken Fricassee, Baking Powder Biscuits, Buttered Carrots and Peas, Heart Celery, Favorite Pickles, Coffee Souffle, Coffee.
Dinner Vegetable Casserole with Cheese, Creamed Green Peas, Easy Parker House Rolls, Spiced Cranberry Jelly, Orange Chiffonade Pies.	*Dinner* Mixed Grill (Beef Balls, Mushrooms, etc.), Baked Potatoes or Noodles, Currant Jelly, Home Made Mustard Pickles, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Ice Cream with Pineapple Sauce, Half Cups Coffee.	*Dinner* Lamb Stew (with Tomatoes, Carrots, Onions, etc.), Paprika Baking Powder Biscuits, Celery Salad, Loganberry Blanc Mange with Fluffy Banana Sauce.	*Dinner* Tomato Cocktail, Veal Loaf, Scalloped Potatoes or Spaghetti, Buttered Cauliflower, Spiced Crabapples, Caramel Souffle or Mystery Cake.	*Supper* Waffle, Cinnamon Toast, Fruit Punch.	*Dinner* Oyster Stew with Toasted Crackers or Baked Macaroni, Favorite Pickles, Orange Cup Cakes with Orange Frosting, Half Cups Coffee.	*Supper* Stuffed Olives Wrapped in Bacon, Welsh Rarebit, Stewed Fruit, Cookies, Cocoa.

The House Next Door

By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 12)

I noted, as I had done in the afternoon, that there was no intervening shrubbery to obscure the view.

"Let me have your flashlight," said Godfrey in a low voice. He walked across the lawn, turned his back to the Carnevali house, and switched on the flash. I saw that he was playing its beam on the freshly turned earth of the flower-bed which I had seen the gardener making that afternoon. We all joined him. The bed was about three feet wide by six or seven feet long, and the earth had been carefully raked and rounded. It looked extraordinarily like a grave.

The same thought occurred to Simmonds.

"What about it?" he asked. "You don't think anybody is buried here, do you?"

"No," said Godfrey, "but in the morning you might ask Carnevali's gardener how much shrubbery he had to remove in order to make it there," and he switched off the flashlight, handed it to Simmonds, and led the way back to the driveway.

We followed him in silence. Godfrey's flashes of inspiration always awed me a little. I had not the slightest doubt that he had hit on the reason why that flower-bed had been placed there. As we reached the porch, I turned and looked back toward the Carnevali place. A clump of shrubbery where the bed was would have cut off the view completely.

He turned back along the driveway at the end of which loomed the garage, its doors standing open.

"What did you do with Miss Verity's car?" Godfrey asked.

"Left it where we found it. I thought maybe she might come back and look for it . . . ."

He flashed his torch toward the garage and stopped with an exclamation of astonishment.

"There's a car in the garage," he said, and ran forward and looked it over quickly. "It is Miss Verity's car."

"Then she's back," said Godfrey and turned to regard the dark and silent house.

Simmonds mounted the steps at a bound and bent down and looked at the backdoor lock.

"The key's here," he said, "on the outside."

He tried the door cautiously. It swung open in his hand. And as we stood staring into the darkness, it seemed to me from somewhere in the silent house came the sound of a door being softly closed.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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1. NURSE WARNED ME ABOUT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

When I first discovered "pink" on my tooth brush, I was convalescing from an operation. And that "pink" worried me terribly! But my nurse calmed me. "It's serious, of course, but it can be helped. Too much soft food," she said, "has given too little exercise to your gums. We'll get busy with Ipana and massage today."

2. SHE RECOMMENDED IPANA AND MASSAGE . . . .

"'Pink Tooth Brush'," she said, "can dull your teeth. And from 'Pink Tooth Brush' it's often only a step to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. Better let me start you with Ipana and gum massage." So she showed me how to do it. "The massage tones and hardens the gums," she told me. "And Ipana does the rest."

3. NOW MY GUMS ARE HARD—MY TEETH WHITE

That was six weeks ago. I'm well now—and so are my gums! I clean my teeth with Ipana twice a day. Then I put a little *more* Ipana on my brush and rub it lightly into my gums. Let it stay there, too! It tastes good. And it certainly does the work! My teeth are so white now! And I haven't seen a sign of "pink tooth brush" for weeks!

A hidden repair bill in every fill of oil that thickens with cold

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They thicken like molasses at the first touch of frost. They may be filled with paraffin wax, gums, tars or carbon-forming impurities. Such oils are the cause of many an unexpected repair bill. The simplest way to prevent uncalled for winter wear and unnecessary layups is to protect your engine with Texaco.

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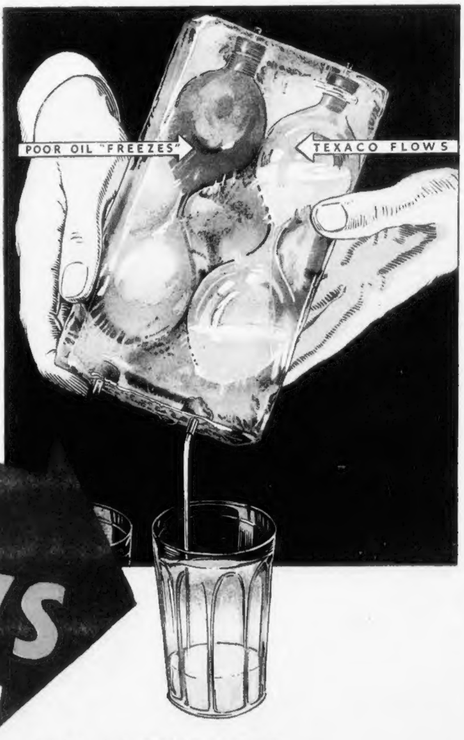
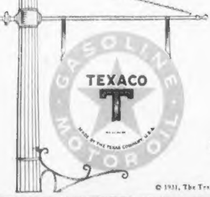
This simple, yet dramatic, test can be made in any home refrigerator. Two "hour-glasses," one filled with Texaco and one with a poorly adapted motor oil, were frozen in a cake of ice. Texaco flowed freely at this low temperature. The other oil thickened like molasses.

In the average engine there are twenty or more fine oil channels no thicker than the waist of the "hour-glasses" shown here. Through these narrow channels oil must flow quickly. Many oils hesitate until they are thoroughly warmed up by engine action. Then it is too late. More wear has occurred than during miles of warmed-up driving.



FROZEN IN ICE
TEXACO FLOWS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